

TWENTY CENTS

MAY 28, 1956

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

PITCHER
ROBIN
ROBERTS

400

Phillies

HARRY KESTER

\$6.00 A YEAR

ISSUE NO. 4161, ONE DOLLAR

VOL. LXVII NO. 22

All new G-E Thinline Air Conditioner takes up $\frac{1}{3}$ less space!



G-E Thinline is $16\frac{1}{2}$ inches "thin"...
no unsightly overhang!

Why swelter when you can switch from hot, humid misery to cool, cool comfort with a G-E Thinline Room Air Conditioner?

The amazing new Thinline gives you top performance, yet actually takes up one third less space than previous corresponding models.

Fits flush with inside walls, yet has no unsightly overhang outside. You get amazing cooling capacity and dehumidification—and High Power Factor Design assures economy of operation.

You have your choice of many different comfort conditions at a flick of the finger. Your days and nights can be comfortable all summer long! See your G-E dealer for a demonstration today.

General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky. Most models available in Canada.



With a G-E Room Air Conditioner you choose your own weather with the flick of a finger. Knobs on top grille control 3 air directors send cool, twice-filtered air to all parts of your room. Jet Air Freshener refreshes your room in seconds.



Fits anywhere—in upper or lower sash. Can be mounted flush with inside wall as shown, or all-outside to allow windows to be closed. All-inside installation is ideal for office use.



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38 million errands to do!

What else but the telephone can do them so quickly, so economically?

Our customers use it 38 million times a day—a figure that has *doubled* in the last ten years!

As the service of Independent telephone companies grows more useful, your own telephone increases in value to you. For America's Independents serve in communities covering two-thirds of the area of the nation—link your telephone with the 25 million people who live and work there.

To reach them...to do business...to cement friendships...you depend on this service. And just as surely, you benefit from its continued growth.



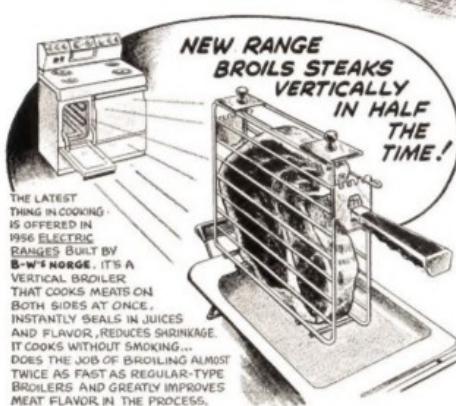
Independent Telephone Companies of America
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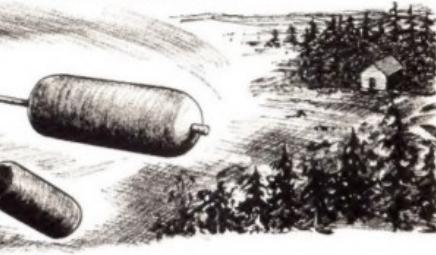
RIPLEY'S

NOW FOOT SOLDIERS LEARN TO WALK ON AIR!

THE INFANTRYMAN MAY SOON FLY HIMSELF TO BATTLE ON ONE OF THESE MIDGET HELICOPTERS. HE'LL TAKE OFF STRAIGHT UP, FLY THROUGH THE SKY AT 60 MILES AN HOUR, LAND EVEN ON WATER, FOR SAFETY. EACH OF THESE UNIQUE FLYING MACHINES USES A SPECIAL OVERRUNNING CLUTCH FROM B-W'S MORSE CHAIN. IN THE EVENT OF AN ENGINE FAILURE, THIS PRECISION CLUTCH RESPONDS INSTANTLY TO PERMIT THE ROTOR BLADES TO "FREE WHEEL"--TO REVOLVE WITHOUT POWER. IN THIS WAY, A SLOW, SAFE DESCENT IS ASSURED EVEN THOUGH THE ENGINE IS DEAD.



THE LATEST THING IN COOKING IS OFFERED IN 1956 ELECTRIC RANGES BUILT BY B-W'S NORGE. IT'S A VERTICAL BROILER THAT COOKS MEATS ON BOTH SIDES AT ONCE, INSTANTLY SEALS IN JUICES AND FLAVOR, REDUCES SHRINKAGE. IT COOKS WITHOUT SMOKING... DOES THE JOB OF BROILING ALMOST TWICE AS FAST AS REGULAR-TYPE BROILERS AND GREATLY IMPROVES MEAT FLAVOR IN THE PROCESS.



NEW RELAXATION FOR CAB RIDERS --AUTOMATICALLY! SMOOTHNESS, QUIET AND EASE AWAIT RIDERS (AND DRIVERS!) OF A NEW KIND OF TAXICAB. THE LEADING CAB MANUFACTURER IS EQUIPPING THE NEWEST MODELS WITH B-W AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSIONS. THESE FAMED DRIVES, SO POPULAR WITH CAR OWNERS, SHIFT ALMOST INAUDIBLY, WITHOUT JERKS OR BUMPS. THEY SEND POWER FLOWING TO THE WHEELS IN A SINGLE UNBROKEN STREAM TO CREATE LUXURIOUS RIDING SMOOTHNESS.

185 PRODUCTS
IN ALL ARE MADE BY

BORG-WARNER

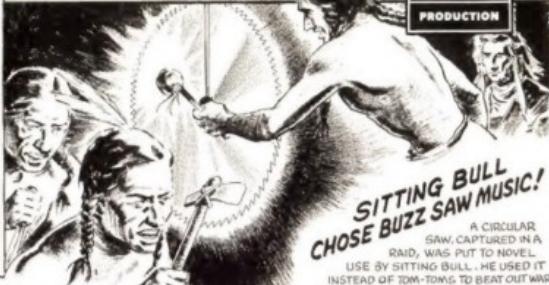
Believe It or Not!

ENGINEERING
BW
PRODUCTION

T.M.

BORG-WARNER SKILL AND INGENUITY BENEFIT ALMOST EVERY AMERICAN EVERY DAY THROUGH THE AUTOMOTIVE, AVIATION, MARINE, FARM MACHINERY AND HOME EQUIPMENT FIELDS !

19 OUT OF THE 20 MAKES OF CARS CONTAIN ESSENTIAL B-W PARTS. EVERY COMMERCIAL PLANE AND MANY SHIPS HAVE VITAL B-W COMPONENTS. 9 OUT OF 10 FARMS USE B-W EQUIPPED MACHINES. EVERY OIL FIELD USES B-W EQUIPMENT. MILLIONS OF HOMES HAVE B-W BUILDING MATERIALS, EQUIPMENT AND APPLIANCES.



SITTING BULL
CHOSE BUZZ SAW MUSIC!

A CIRCULAR SAW, CAPTURED IN A RAID, WAS PUT TO NOVEL USE BY SITTING BULL. HE USED IT INSTEAD OF A TROMMEL TO DRUM UP WAR DANCE RHYTHM. RECENTLY, IT WAS AN ATKINS SAW. EVEN IN THOSE DAYS, ATKINS-MADE SAWS WERE WIDELY USED AND PRIZED FOR QUALITY. TODAY, SAWS FROM B-W-ATKINS SAW ARE USED TO CUT EVERYTHING FROM WOOD TO METALS AND PLASTICS.



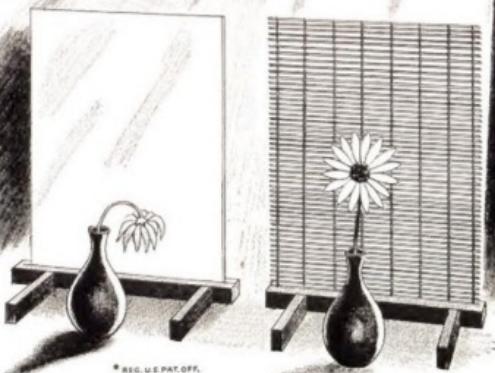
1 OUT OF 10 AMERICAN HOMES IS A SLUM HOME!

5 MILLION U.S. HOMES ALREADY ARE OUT-AND-OUT SLUMS. THOUSANDS MORE SOON WILL BE. YOU HAVE A STAKE IN STOPPING THIS BLIGHT. FOR SLUMS RAISE TAXES, LOWER PROPERTY VALUES - CAUSE CRIME AND DISEASE. TO LEARN HOW YOU CAN PROTECT YOUR HOME, WRITE FOR FREE INFORMATION TO ACTION, (AMERICAN COUNCIL TO IMPROVE OUR NEIGHBORHOODS) - BOX 500, RADIO CITY STATION, NEW YORK 20.

KOOLSHADE BLOCKS SUN'S RAYS...KEEPS ROOMS FAR COOLER!

THE DEMONSTRATION (RIGHT) DRAMATIZES HOW EFFECTIVELY THE UNIQUE SUN SCREENING MADE BY B-W'S REFLECTAL PROTECTS HOMES AGAINST SUMMER HEAT.

UNDER SCORCHING "SUN" CREATED WITH POWERFUL LAMPS, A FLOWER PROTECTED BY KOOLSHADE * LASTED OVER TWICE AS LONG AS AN UNPROTECTED ONE. THE KALAMAZOO WINDOW METAL LOUVERS, SET AT A SCIENTIFIC ANGLE, TO DEFLECT THE SUN'S RAYS. THAT'S WHY IT CAN KEEP ROOMS UP TO 15° COOLER. IT STOPS INSECTS, BUT DOESN'T OBSTRUCT THE VIEW OR BREEZE.



* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

These units form BORG-WARNER, Executive Offices, 310 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago. DIVISIONS: ATKINS SAW • BORG & BECK • BYRON JACKSON • CALUMET STEEL • DETROIT GEAR • FRANKLIN STEEL • HYDRAULIC PRODUCTS • INGERSOLL CONDITIONED AIR • INGERSOLL KALAMAZOO • INGERSOLL PRODUCTS • INGERSOLL STEEL • LONG MANUFACTURING • MARBON CHEMICAL • MARVEL-SCHREIBER PRODUCTS • MECHANICS UNIVERSAL JOINT • NORGE • PESCO PRODUCTS • ROCKFORD CLUTCH • SPRING DIVISION • WARNER AUTOMOTIVE PARTS • WARNER GEAR • WOOSTER DIVISION. SUBSIDIARIES: BORG-WARNER ACCEPTANCE CORP. • BORG-WARNER INTERNATIONAL • BORG-WARNER, LTD. • BORG-WARNER SERVICE PARTS • LONG MANUFACTURING, LTD. • MORSE CHAIN • MORSE CHAIN OF CANADA, LTD. • REFLECTAL CORP. • WARNER GEAR, LTD. • WESTON HYDRAULICS, LTD.



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The Friendliest Name in Hotels

Champagne in the White House

Sir:

Your May 7 issue carries the statement that the christening of President Eisenhower's latest grandchild was the first ceremony in the White House since Benjamin Harrison's granddaughter was baptized there in 1888. Not so, sir. I attended the christening of a grandson of President Franklin Roosevelt's at the White House. The grandchild was John Boettiger, Anna Roosevelt's only

Maggio Monroe. Maybe Marilyn Monroe Productions will film the life story of this amazing girl; I'm sure M.M. would win an Oscar if it did. Suggested title: "Grushenka Monroe, 12-Year-Old Sweater Girl."

TOM GRAVES

St. Louis

Sir:

Is it really anybody's business (except Miss Monroe's) to be informed about her parentage? . . .

(MRS.) MARION CITRIN
New York City

Sir:

The talents of Correspondent Goodman and almost thirteen columns of space were wasted on the life and doings of an overdeveloped woman.

LOIS JANE FEGER
Richmond Hill, N.Y.

Sir:

Orchids to both TIME and Marilyn for taking that candid stroll down the old id road.

BOB HOIG

New York City

Sir:

How did Boris Chaliapin, in his cover picture of Marilyn, capture that wistful appeal for something higher than physical attraction? And how could you give us the full story of her life with such utter frankness without degrading her, but making those who have made profit out of her, and all the rest of us, accord her the respect for which she now yearns as the lines of maturity begin to show around eyes and neck. May the girl on the calendar raise our sights to higher ideals for our country's women.

(THE REV.) ALLEN H. GATES
First Congregational Church
Chesterfield, Mass.

Stop the Presses

Sir:

You mention in your May 7 "Stop the Presses" that Jimmy Parks and I stopped occasionally en route to Houston to fortify ourselves with beer—"finally, in a beer-blurred haze of headlines and bylines, Cook rapped on the door at the Houston address." I feel that you should know that iced tea and a vanilla malted milkshake were the only drinks I consumed that day or evening. I was with Parks from 5:15 p.m. Wednesday until

Wide World
F.D.R. III, F.D.R. & JOHN (C. 1939)

child by her second husband. The christening took place on the second floor of the White House; four generations of Roosevelts were there: the President's mother, the President and Eleanor, their daughter Anna and her husband (since dead), and, of course, little Johnny, whom the President kept wagging a finger at during the ceremony. After the christening was over, we all drank champagne.

DAVID HULBURD

San Francisco

Reader Hulburd is right—and there is more. Two other Roosevelt christenings in the White House: Elliott Jr. (1937) and Franklin D. III (1938).—Ed.

M.M.

Sir:

I sincerely appreciated your May 24 story on Norma Jean Baker Dougherty Di-

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Whatever you drive, here's how to drive it more *safely!*

EVERY TIME you take to the road you have a great responsibility . . . to drive safely and sensibly. This responsibility holds good no matter whether you're traveling over the familiar streets of your home town or making a long vacation trip. Only when driving is done with the utmost care, caution and courtesy . . . at all times . . . can our streets and roads become safer for you, your fellow motorists and pedestrians.

Just how urgent is it for everyone to know and obey traffic laws and observe the rules of the road? The answer is found in some shocking statistics:

**Every hour of every day, on the average,
4 lives are lost and 150 people are hurt
in motor vehicle accidents**

That adds up to a yearly traffic toll of over 38,000 deaths, well over a million injuries and costs mounting into the billions of dollars.

How can you help reverse this tragic trend and make motoring the pleasure it should be? Here are some safety suggestions that may help:

✓ 1. Check your speed—It has been found that about 3 out of 10 drivers involved in fatal accidents each year were guilty of violating speed laws. Always remember to slow down at night and when road, traffic and weather conditions are hazardous.

✓ 2. Check yourself—Research has shown that about 1 out of 14 drivers involved in fatal accidents had a physical or mental condition—such as worry, fatigue and sleepiness—that was a contributing factor in the accident. So, never drive when you're upset or tired.

✓ 3. Check your car—Keeping your car in safe operating condition is *your responsibility—not your mechanic's*. You can judge for yourself whether brakes, tires, steering wheel, lights and windshield wipers are in proper working order. If you notice any defects, have them corrected immediately. Don't wait until it's time for your next semiannual car check to have even the most minor trouble corrected.

✓ 4. Check your driving habits—Now and then, the most skillful drivers tend to become a bit careless. They may become less considerate of other drivers and of pedestrians—or take chances on violating this or that traffic law. Remember, all rules of the road are made to help you, not to hinder you.

The fact that you've never had a mishap is no proof that you are the master of your car. Perhaps you've been lucky . . . and luck has a way of running out sooner or later. So, drive as if your life depended on it. *It does!*

To help increase the safety and pleasure of your motoring, send for *How's Your Driving?* Just clip and mail the coupon below for your free copy.

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we conferred with the Houston police chief Thursday morning, and the only drinks he had during that time were a glass of tomato juice and a chocolate milkshake.

DAN COOK

Houston

¶ TIME regrets that it mixed Reporter Cook's drinks.—Ed.

The Farm Picture

Sir:

Rhubarb over the head of Agriculture Secretary Benson on your May 7 cover. How apt!

J. G. OLSON

Ogden, Utah

Sir:

Will you please tell me why it is unreasonable for farmers' wives to want television sets, big cars, fur stoles, college educations for their children? Are we to return to serfdom with Benson and Eisenhower in the palace?

LEONA M. ATWOOD

Moravia, N.Y.

Sir:

I very much enjoyed your article. You have explained the farm situation and support program clearer than I have ever read in previous issues. I am very much for Mr. Benson; he is a man of principle and is doing what is best for the country.

GEORGE FAHRENBACH

Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

The farmer can and will cease asking Government aid when the Government ceases giving handouts in the form of tariffs and tax write-offs, etc., to industry, artificially bolstering labor prices and a host of other handouts that make any handouts to farmers only a drop in the bucket.

NORMAN BUEHLER

Scott City, Kans.

Sir:

Price supports have the effect of taking money from non-farmers and some farmers in order to keep inefficient farmers on the farm and to increase the size and maintenance cost of our ever abnormal granary.

ROBERT E. RAPPOLI

Boston

Sir:

By preparing this objective story for readers, you have performed an important public service, if for no reason other than that they now have access to a factual report that will enable them to vote more intelligently in those elections where farm legislation is a major issue. It is unfortunate the farm problem is a political football, but since we must be realistic and recognize this is true, it at least is helpful to have prominent national publications such as yours present the facts without distorting them for partisan purposes.

ROBERT C. LIEBENOW
Executive Secretary

Board of Trade of
the City of Chicago

Pensions & Pupils

Sir:

Your May 7 issue has two of the most intelligent, realistic and overdue suggestions for improving life in the U.S. made in years: one is the report of General Bradley's commission favoring elimination of our long-endured, nonsense pensions and bonuses to able-bodied veterans and their families; the other is in your summary of Ohio High School Teacher Caspar D. Green's article

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WILLIAM LESLIE

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recommending throwing out of high schools the most recalcitrant and uneducable pupils so that the rest can learn.

MILDRED VAN CLEVE
Riverside, Calif.

Evasive Equations

Sir:

I have often thought that Einstein's relation $E = MC^2$ was overworked by the press. Your April 30 article, "Fat Electrons," I believe should have used Einstein's relation:

$$M = \frac{M_0}{\sqrt{1 - \frac{V^2}{C^2}}}$$

E. H. BODEN

Emporium, Pa.

¶ The increase of an electron's mass with increasing speed is calculated by the specific equation that Reader Boden gives. TIME, however, was using the basic Einstein equation that expresses the equivalence of mass and energy. For another reaction, see below.—ED.

Sir:

I thought it would be fun to make the calculation. And then I thought your readers would like to see how it comes out. Here it is: Take the circumference of the earth in inches. This comes from $3,953.4 \times 6.2832 \times 5280 \times 12$ [πr , radius of earth multiplied by 2π , converted to inches]. Express this as 1.571×10^9 . Let v equal the electron velocity and c the velocity of light. Then

$$\frac{V}{C} = \frac{1.571 \times 10^9}{1.571 \times 10^8}$$

Also, $1 - \frac{V}{C} = \frac{5}{1.571 \times 10^8}$

and $1 + \frac{V}{C} = 2$ (very approximately).

Therefore,

$$1 - \frac{V^2}{C^2} = \frac{10}{1.571 \times 10^8} = 63.6 \times 10^{-18}$$

and $\sqrt{1 - \frac{V^2}{C^2}} = 7.97 \times 10^{-9}$.

Whence $\frac{1}{\sqrt{1 - \frac{V^2}{C^2}}} = 1.254 \times 10^9$.

Finally, $M_V = \frac{M_0}{\sqrt{1 - \frac{V^2}{C^2}}} = 12,540 M_0$.

JULIUS SUMNER MILLER
Professor of Physics

American Association of Physics Teachers
El Camino College, Calif.

A Quiet Little Dinner

Sir:

Your May 7 report on the visit of B. & K. to Britain was most stimulating. Whatever his motive in inviting them, Anthony Eden should be happy about the results. They lost friends and influenced people—adversely. It must have been very good for them to notice that the British bulldog had to wear his muzzle during their stay.

PAULINE MAIR

Hartsdale, N.Y.

Sir:

I thoroughly enjoyed your penetrating "Quiet Little Dinner." It was, to me, the clearest word-picture I have encountered of the Red party boss.

FRANK D. JACOBS

Toledo

TIME, MAY 28, 1956



NINETY YEARS AGO, Jack Daniel found a sparkling stream of iron-free water flowing from a limestone cliff. In a tiny distillery in the Tennessee hollow where the spring ran, Jack Daniel first made his wonderfully rare "Charcoal Mellowed" whiskey. Today, the spring still runs cool, clear and iron-free...the distillery is a little bigger, but only a little...and Jack Daniel's Old-Time Tennessee Whiskey is still "Charcoal Mellowed," drop by drop, before aging...to bring to you the same rare and exclusive flavor Jack Daniel was famous for.



"CHARCOAL
MELLOWED"
DROP
BY
DROP

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE
Distilled and Bottled by JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY
LYNCHBURG (Pop. 399), TENN.



Her name means "luxury" in many languages

Moving smoothly down the runway—this twin-decked Boeing Stratocruiser is about to take off on another routine over-ocean crossing.

For seven years Stratocruisers have spanned the U. S. and linked four continents. They have made more than 30,000 over-ocean crossings. They have carried more than 3½ million passengers and have flown nearly 200,000,000 miles!

To her passengers the Stratocruiser represents the acme of luxury and

comfort—just as did the Boeing 40s, the 80As, the 247 and the Stratoliner in their day. For Boeing-built transports have been carrying passengers over a longer continuous period than those of any other American company.

Roominess, comfortable extra-large seats, wide aisles, low sound levels—these are some of the features which make the Stratocruiser the first choice of knowing travelers.

Great airplane that the Stratocruiser is, she will be far eclipsed by the

Boeing 707s, America's first jet transports. These newest Boeings—the 707 Stratoliner and the Intercontinental—are now being built for leading American and European airlines. Deliveries start in 1958 with first service scheduled for early 1959.

These new Boeing jets will bring you new luxury, distance-devouring speed and unimagined smoothness of flight. They represent yet another outstanding Boeing contribution to air travel.

BOEING

Here's how

It is a source of social as well as material progress for everyone—customers, share owners, employees, suppliers and the public

One of the most important things General Electric is finding out about automation is that it is already yielding benefits for people, and promises even more for the future.

Customers are benefiting from better products and services at better values. Factory and office workers are benefiting from more rewarding jobs as their productive aim is extended through greater use of machines. Investors are sharing in the opportunities, as well as the risks, of great new growth enterprises.

We all benefit in increased national security—for our margin of safety in modern arms depends on continuously increasing the productivity of American industry.

Planning for human progress

Good planning for automation includes planning for human problems as well as the mechanical and financial ones. At General Electric we try to plan technological improvements so that the normal turnover of our work force absorbs any shifts in employment. In addition, the company is spending \$5 to 40 million dollars each year to train or retrain employees; there are over 1,000 courses in factory skills, and at least 500 courses for professional, technical and semi-technical people.

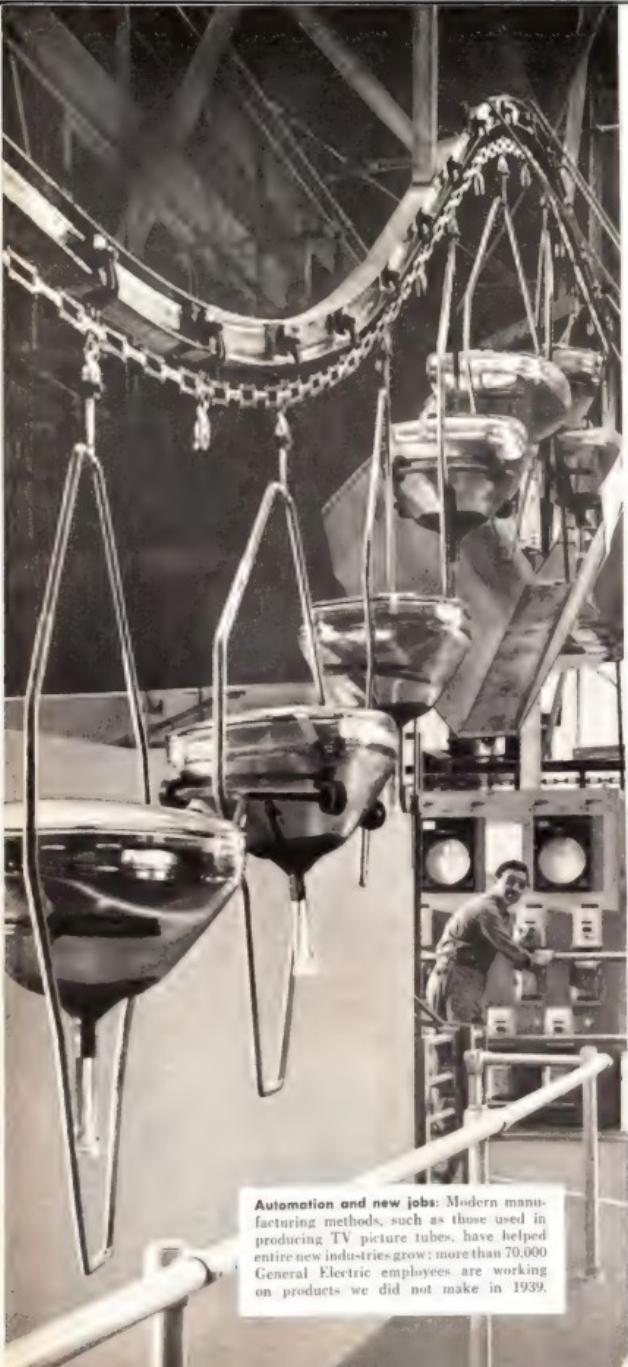
And as we automate further to satisfy customer demand, and thus increase the proportion of jobs requiring higher education and skills, it would seem entirely possible that average earnings, including benefits, of General Electric employees 10 years from now may be in the range of \$8,000 to \$9,000 annually.

Need for public understanding

The more the benefits of automation are understood, the more all companies will move ahead with modernization programs—thereby speeding progress in creating new products, new jobs, and new opportunities for human satisfaction.

For your copy of "Testimony on Automation," given before a Congressional subcommittee by President Ralph J. Cardner of General Electric, please write us at Dept. 2A-119, Schenectady, N.Y.

Automation and new jobs: Modern manufacturing methods, such as those used in producing TV picture tubes, have helped entire new industries grow: more than 70,000 General Electric employees are working on products we did not make in 1939.



automation is already serving you

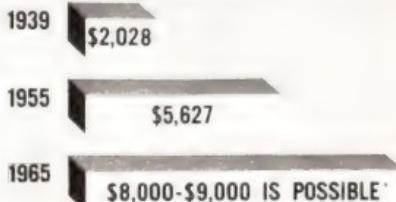


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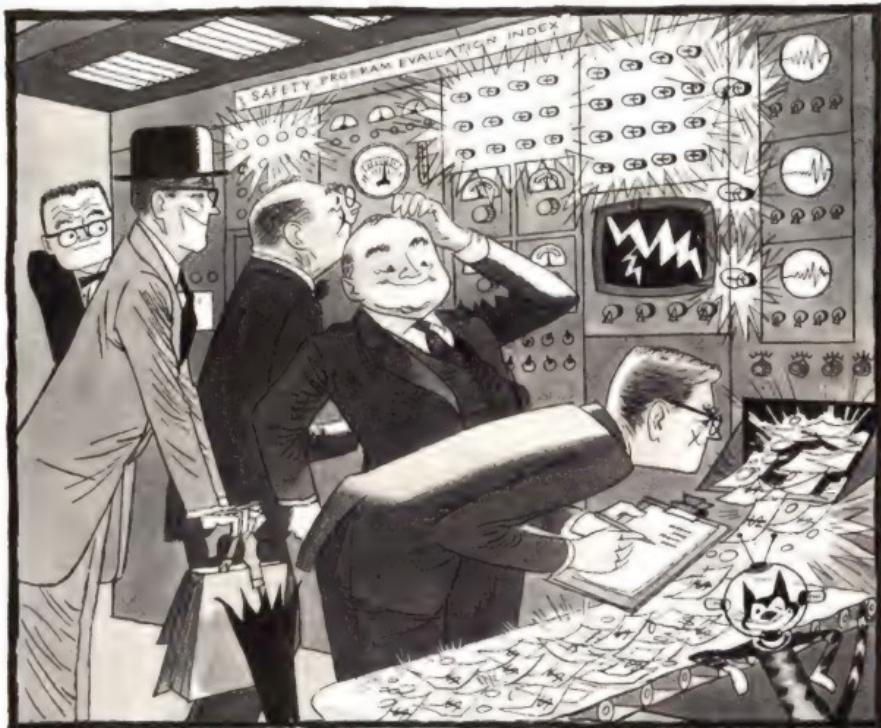


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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Perils of Peace

In the restored House of Burgesses at Williamsburg, where Patrick Henry declaimed against the Stamp Act ("If this be treason, make the most of it"), a Virginia lady in lace cap and farthingale had words last week with Georgy Zarubin, emissary of the biggest colonial power on earth. "This is hallowed ground," Mrs. John Henderson, a guide, explained to Soviet Ambassador Zarubin, who was there with 30 fellow diplomats for the 380th anniversary celebration of the Virginia Declaration of Rights. "This is a shrine to the principles of freedom," she went on, "and for us Americans the greatest meaning, the greatest joy and the greatest pride lies in the knowledge that this shrine which is ours is not ours only, but for freedom-loving peoples all over the world. And they come here from all over the world, as you, to sit in this building in reverence and homage."

Georgy Zarubin surveyed the ceiling and the woodwork with the detachment of a minion of George III; then the Soviet ambassador smiled a faint smile. "Yes, of course, I understand," he commented to Mrs. Henderson's little talk. "Very nice."

The Battle for Minds. Georgy Zarubin's pilgrimage to Williamsburg was a symptom of the new phase in the battle for men's minds, which last week flared with new intensity throughout the free world. The Soviet policy of smiles was picking up mileage and momentum by the minute, relaxing freedom's watchfulness, exacerbating the free world's differences, as the urgency of fear was removed. In suburban Hyattsville, Md., First Secretary Alexander Zinchuk of the Soviet embassy made a joyful pitch for a U.S.-Russian bridge across the Bering Strait so man could ride by road and rail from Hyattsville to the Kremlin. Back home in the U.S.S.R., Nikita Khrushchev feted Premier Guy Mollet of France as the "flying swallow of peace." Along with the smiles, the Communists offered what appeared to the world's unwise to be a substantial concession: the demobilization of 1,200,000 fighting men (see FOREIGN NEWS).

The Western position was under fire on many fronts. Nasser's Egypt excommunicated the U.S., recognized Red China and shouted about buying more Communist arms. British and Malayans broke off talks on

the future of strategic Singapore. Algeria booted in the biggest shooting war since Dienbienphu.

The Powerful Force. In the face of such fire the U.S. remained cool. Making its own maneuvers in the game of international hostmanship, Washington entertained one of Asia's most important neutrals, with appropriate allusions to the

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Pilgrim Making Progress

An order from President Eisenhower sent his personal plane, the *Columbia III*, across the Pacific to Honolulu last week to pick up important passengers: Indonesia's President Sukarno, his twelve-year-old son Guntur, and a retinue of 14



RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR ZARUBIN REVIEWING U.S. TROOPS AT WILLIAMSBURG
In a shrine of freedom, echoes of new battles.

struggles of a new nation for independence and stability (see below).

On a broader scale Secretary of State John Foster Dulles sought to counteract the softening effect of the Soviet manpower cut on Western alertness. The U.S. welcomes the cut, he said, "if this proves to be evidence of an intent to forgo the use of force in international affairs. However, the obvious explanation is a need for greater manpower in industry and agriculture. It would be very foolish for us to drop our guard."

From Williamsburg to Cairo to Moscow, the events of last week made a sharp reminder that the perils of peace, mercifully less brutal than the horrors of war, are nevertheless real.

other Indonesians. When the plane reached Washington National Airport Vice President Nixon and Secretary of State John Foster Dulles—both old Sukarno acquaintances—stepped forward and beamed warm greetings. The Army band boomed *Indonesia Raya* (the national anthem), and Nixon put a fatherly hand on Guntur's shoulder. With that, the U.S. began an all-out diplomatic effort, as carefully prepared as a major military operation, to win the mind of Indonesia's President (see box).

Sukarno, Asia's No. 2 neutralist (after India's Nehru), rose to Washington's warmth like a veteran actor responding to a friendly audience. He made a thoughtful yet noncommittal statement: "I have

VISITOR FROM INDONESIA

In the U.S. on the first leg of an exploration that will take him to Canada, Switzerland, Italy, West Germany and later on to Russia and Red China; Sukarno (no first name), first President of the new Republic of Indonesia.*

Early Years. Born June 6, 1901 in Surabaya, East Java, to a Balinese mother, Javanese father, who taught school for a living. Although few natives learned to read under the Dutch, received a rare civil engineer degree at Bandung Technical Institute, entitling him to precede his name by Ir. (Dutch contraction for engineer). But Ir. Sukarno built little, instead bent himself to destroying Dutch rule. The Dutch jailed him in 1929 and kept him jailed or exiled for twelve of the next 13 years. In 1942 the Japanese army smashed over 300 years of Dutch rule in eight days, freeing Sukarno and other nationalists.

Political Career. Collaborated with the Japanese during the war, worked with the U.S. and the U.N. afterward, always striving to keep the Dutch out. In December 1949 the Dutch were finally out, and Sukarno was in as first President. Today his country is near bankruptcy and revolt-racked, but adoring masses hail "Bung Karno" (Brother Karno), worship him as liberator of the land. A neutralist in the cold war, he plays hot and cold with the Communists. In 1948 he drowned a Red revolt in blood, in 1956 tried his hardest to bring Reds into the Cabinet. Played host to the Bandung Conference, at which Red China's Chou En-lai made much headway. Says "Nationalism, Marxism and Islam can be united" and obviously thinks he can handle the Reds, now Indonesia's fourth most powerful party.

The Man. Slender, handsome, kind-hearted and a spectacular orator, he is the most popular man in Indonesia. No Indonesian can outtalk him; he has survived innumerable revolts, more than a dozen Cabinet changes, a restive army. He has skinned John Dewey, Marx, Lenin, Jefferson, Lincoln, John Reed, Otto Bauer, and is still tingling over the discoveries. Dotes on American history, but at times comes up with such historical whoppers as: "There was lack of law and order in America for 60 years following the Revolution." Enjoys painting, good conversation, the company of pretty women. Divorced his first wife in 1942 for childlessness and married pretty, 18-year-old Fatmawati, who bore him two boys, three girls. In 1954 he took

to wife lissome, 32-year-old Divorcée Heriaty, and Indonesian women who had adored Sukarno turned away in outrage. Though Mohammedans are permitted four wives, emancipation-bound Indonesian women call Sukarno a "bigamist," sniff at Heriaty as "That Woman," idolize patient Wife No. 2 (who is suing for divorce).

Country & People. More than 81 million, speaking 200 languages, live on 3,000 islands scattered over 3,000,000 sq. miles between Asia and Australia. The sixth most populous nation in the world and potentially one of the richest, it ranks among the first ten in oil production, among the first six in bauxite ores, second in production of copra, rubber, tin. The largest Mohammedan state, it reported the most Communist votes ever cast anywhere in the world in a free election—more than 6,000,000 a few months ago. The government is still plagued by rebels, e.g., a fanatic movement called Darul Islam controls most of the island of Java, where two-thirds of the Indonesians live. Despite \$241 million in U.S. aid and credit, the Indonesian economy, which declined seriously in the first years of independence, still is in difficulty.

* Spelled Soekarno, the old-fashioned Dutch style, by the President himself and his government. But in the West, Soekarno wants it spelled Sukarno, the new, non-Dutch style.

come here to confirm or modify the impressions of your country which I have collected for so many years." On the way through Washington, Sukarno suddenly halted the Imperial in which he was riding, leaped out nimbly and began shaking hands. While Secret Service men paled, he tugged a five-year-old's head, walked up to an elderly housewife, Mrs. Lenore Coon, and said: "Dear Mother, may I kiss you?" Bussing her heartily on the cheek, he said: "That was an Indonesian kiss." Stoutly, Mrs. Coon replied: "It certainly wasn't a Washington kiss."

As he took the city's keys, he said: "Man's life is unpredictable. I am the son of poor parents. My father was a small schoolteacher, but now I am being honored by you. There is a feeling of brotherhood here."

Revere's Bowl. At the White House President Eisenhower, waiting on the portico, took his guest into his home, gave him a state lunch, then handed him a particularly thoughtful gift. Opening the Bandung Asian-African Conference on April 18, 1955, Sukarno had recalled to his audience, mostly anti-American, that it was the anniversary of Paul Revere's famous ride, and had quoted lines from Longfellow's poem. Now Ike and Mamie gave Sukarno a replica of the silver bowl that Silversmith Paul Revere wrought to commemorate Massachusetts' resistance to British oppression. A lovely gift, it made a neat point: the U.S., too, has a glorious anti-colonial past.

At noon the next day, before a joint session of Congress, the Indonesian asked, "May I be frank?" Then, in faultless, forceful English, he was. Said he: "Nationalism may be an out-of-date doctrine for many in the world; for us of Asia and Africa, it is the mainspring of our efforts. Fail to understand it, and no amount of thinking, no torrent of words, no Niagara of dollars will produce anything but bit-

United Press



SUKARNO, SON & HOST
AT THE WHITE HOUSE

terness and disillusionment. We of Indonesia are in the stage of national turmoil through which America passed some 150 years ago. We ask you to understand."

Lincoln's Spirit. The following day, before one of the largest crowds of newsmen ever to jam the National Press Club's ballroom, Sukarno spoke again: "We are not anti-West. The object of our policy is the same as the object of your policy: to seek a larger freedom for mankind. [But] there may well be more than one road to final consummation of such a policy."

In three jampacked days in Washington—opening a 10-day tour that will stretch across the land to Hollywood—Sukarno charmed almost everyone he met. At the Washington shrine in Mt. Vernon he recited fervently, almost inaudibly, the *Alfatiha*, the Moslem prayer for the dead; at the Lincoln Memorial he stood with Gunarto, dwarfed by the brooding figure, then walked away and looked back, saying: "I am thinking of the spirit of Lincoln."

Both sides understood each other now, perhaps for the first time. The U.S. wanted friendship; Indonesia wanted moral and financial support with no strings attached. In particular, Sukarno wanted this support against the Dutch to force them out of West New Guinea, their last remaining East Indian colony. But this raised an interesting question for both anti-colonialist Sukarno and the U.S. to ponder: is it less colonialism to turn over to Indonesian rule the alien people of West New Guinea than it is to let them remain with the Dutch?

Koo to Tong

V. K. Wellington Koo joined China's diplomatic service with the establishment of the Republic in 1912, and for nearly 45 years spoke brilliantly and urbanely for his awakening country at every major international conference, at almost every major capital. A graduate of Columbia University, he was Minister to Washington at 28; he was three times China's Foreign Minister, once its Prime Minister, once its Finance Minister. He is one of two living diplomats* who drafted the League of Nations Covenant in 1919; nearly a quarter century later he helped draft the U.N. Charter.

Last week, at 68, ten years after he returned to Washington to speak for free China, Wellington Koo delivered his last message and retired to live in suburban Westchester County, outside New York. From John Foster Dulles, who first met Koo at the 1919 Versailles Conference, where Dulles was a junior member of the U.S. delegation and Koo headed the Chinese delegation, went a warm letter. Koo's replacement: Hollington K. Tong, 60, member of the first class graduated by Columbia University's School of Journalism, China's propaganda minister in World War II, Nationalist China's Ambassador to Japan since 1952, good friend of the U.S. and of Chiang Kai-shek.

* The other: Britain's Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, 1932 Nobel Peace Prize-winner.

REPUBLICANS The President's Plans

Gulping coffee in the House restaurant early one morning, Republican National Chairman Leonard Hall was summoned to the telephone. Over the wire came a familiar voice: "Len, I've got an idea I want to speak to you about. Come on over." Hall washed out a plane reservation to New York, called off his political engagements there, and trundled away to the White House. He was delighted at



CAMPAINER EISENHOWER
"Just a girl who can't say no."

having his schedule mixed up: the call from Dwight Eisenhower, who wanted to talk about the campaign, was another proof of the President's vastly increased interest in party politics.

Working with Chairman Hall on the details of the President's 1956 political role is a group of top-drawer Republicans who meet informally and are known in party circles as "the Committee." More or less regular members are White House Chief Sherman Adams, Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Press Secretary James Hascary, Postmaster General Arthur Summersfield, Pennsylvania's Senator Jim Duff and New York Lawyer Tom Stephens, who has been roaming the country for months as a G.O.P. organizer, trouble-shooter and fact-finder. All of them have been planning with the President's health in mind, but they have been happy to encounter a real impetus for an active presidential campaign role—from Ike himself.

Ideas from D.E. From Republican fund-raising (he has conferred several times with G.O.P. Finance Chairman John Folger) to precinct activity ("What are we doing to get people to come to our precinct meetings?") to campaign gimmicks (last week he even looked interested while examining a squeaking rubber elephant), the President's political preoccupation has increased along with confidence in his health. Morning after morning to Len Hall's desk come handwritten chits with the initials D.E., offering ideas and suggestions on political subjects.

More important, the President has ded-

icated himself to helping the Republican Party recapture Congress. He was active in persuading Washington's Governor Arthur Langlie to run against Senator Warren Magnuson, in talking Assistant State Secretary Thruston Morton into trying for the Senate seat now held by Kentucky's Earle Clements, in arranging for Interior Secretary McKay to hit the Oregon trail against Wayne Morse. Among incumbent Republican Senators who can expect Ike's direct aid are Pennsylvania's Duff, Connecticut's Prescott Bush and Wisconsin's Alexander Wiley.

Not Only TV. It is the effort to win Congress that is drawing the President deeper into the campaign. (His personal popularity last week was rated by George Gallup at 71%, down five points since March but still at a remarkably high level.) Last November Chairman Hall told Ike that three or four major television speeches should be enough to insure his re-election. But the chances for a Republican Congress would then be slim. Told that he must himself work and travel if he wants a G.O.P. Congress, the President replied: "You bet. I know."

By last week the original plan to limit the President's campaigning to a few speeches from Washington had been completely scrapped. He now stands ready to make extensive campaign trips by air to New England, the Midwest, the Northwest and—possibly—the South.

Obviously, another Eisenhower was also ready for the campaign. Appearing with the President last week at the Women's National Press Club dinner, Mamie Eisenhower heard herself twirled off "just a girl who can't say no," especially "to a man with a grin." Then she unfolded a wave and broke out with a smile that even her husband might have envied (see cut).

THE PRIMARIES

The Stay-at-Homes

On primary day in Nebraska last week, both farmers and city folk stayed home in near record numbers. Only 165,000 of 800,000 eligible voters went to the polls, the state's smallest turnout in a peacetime presidential primary since 1912. Running unopposed on the Republican ballot, President Eisenhower drew almost twice as many votes as Estes Kefauver, the lone Democratic entrant. In farm areas Ike took 67% of the total primary vote; in Douglas County (Omaha) he pulled 50%. Both percentages were virtually identical with his margins over Adlai Stevenson in 1952.

Since all of Nebraska's rural voters may cross party lines in primaries (only the residents of cities with more than 7,000 population are registered according to party affiliation), they had a full opportunity to storm into the Democratic primary and register a protest against the Administration's farm program. The fact that they did not do so was another indication that there is no major political revolt in the farm belt.



DEMOCRATS MORSE, KEFAUVER & STEVENSON
A lift for the swift.

Kosti Ruohomaa—Life

Omens from Oregon

Under a burning sun last week, Oregon's shirt-sleeved voters stood in long, slow-moving queues, waited hours for the chance to puzzle through a bewildering maze of primary ballots. Nearly 60% of the registered voters decided it was worth the effort—and in terms of nationally interesting results, it was. Oregon cleared the way for one of this year's roughest Senate election brawls, gave a significant lift to one Democratic presidential candidate, slammed down hard on another, handed a meaningful vote of confidence to Dwight Eisenhower and—for a surprise in the election—to Vice President Richard Nixon.

McKay over Hitchcock. In the Republican Senate primary, former Governor Douglas McKay, recently resigned as Eisenhower's Interior Secretary, won a comfortable 22,000-vote victory over Church Leader and former State Senator Philip Hitchcock. Victory after an unexpectedly hard campaign (*TIME*, May 14) gave McKay the right to face Democratic Senator Wayne Morse (stung by a 17% primary vote given a non-campaigning service-station operator named Woodrow Wilson Smith) in November. By pitting rough Doug McKay against articulate Wayne Morse, Oregon promised itself an exciting political season.

Adlai over Estes. Neither Adlai Stevenson nor Estes Kefauver had entered his name on the Democratic ballot in Oregon's presidential primary—but both campaigned for a write-in vote that would give the winner the 16-vote convention delegation. Kefauver returned to Oregon on the day before the primary for a whirlwind hand-shaking tour down the Willamette Valley. He was too late with too little: Stevenson had already covered more ground, drawn bigger crowds, and

won more votes. For a write-in, Oregon's response was remarkable, with about 13,000 Democrats naming a candidate. Result: Stevenson, with about 50,000 votes, buried Kefauver 8 to 5.

Oregon was by all odds Stevenson's most impressive showing so far. It helped him recover some of the prestige he had lost through primary defeats in New Hampshire and Minnesota, gave his candidacy a psychological lift that should help him in the vital primaries in Florida (*see below*) and California.

Ike & Dick. On the Republican ballot Dwight Eisenhower got a whopping vote of nearly 200,000—far more than Stevenson and Kefauver combined. About 35,000 Republicans also took the trouble to write in Richard Nixon's name for Vice President, although there was no campaign for Nixon. Eisenhower's name was the only one on the presidential ballot for either party. But even with allowances made for that advantage, the primary indicated strong support in Oregon for Ike and Dick.

Ho-Hum in Florida

Sitting in his truck of butter beans at the Plant City (Fla.) market one day last week, Farmer E. O. Goodson looked utterly bored. "I don't think I'm going to vote on May 29," he said, when told that Democratic Presidential Candidate Adlai Stevenson was speaking only a few blocks away. Then, his beans unloaded, Goodson drove home without another thought of next week's presidential primary, in which Stevenson and Estes Kefauver face a showdown for Florida's 28 convention votes.

Although the primary will be considered an important test of prestige between Stevenson and Kefauver, most Floridians seem to share Farmer Goodson's expressed indifference. The prospect is for a light vote of between 300,000 and 500,000 (as

against the 840,000 ballots cast in the May 8 gubernatorial primary).

In Plant City last week Stevenson drew an audience of only 120; in Tampa only 350. At a major rally in St. Petersburg, he was introduced by one of his candidates for delegate, former Governor Millard Caldwell, who made it clear to newsmen that he could hardly care less. Said Caldwell: "Stevenson is not the most satisfactory candidate from my standpoint or Florida's standpoint, but he is the strongest possible Democratic candidate."

Reminder of a Reminder. Florida's indifference comes partly from the let-down after the tumultuous gubernatorial campaign that ended in sweeping victory for Incumbent LeRoy Collins. Even more, it can be traced to the fact that Floridians, basking in the warmth of their economic boom, seem in no mood for a change: they still like Ike and tend to see the Democratic nominee, whoever he may be as an inevitable also-ran.

But most of all, the apathy stems from the old-hat performances so far of Candidates Stevenson and Kefauver. Four years ago, recalled Miami News Columnist Bill Baggs, Stevenson "reminded many people of Woodrow Wilson. Not a few of the same people today say he reminds them of a man trying to remind them of Woodrow Wilson." Kefauver's act has gone equally stale. Wrote Baggs: "There is nothing special in shaking [his] hand any more. Everyone in the state has done it." Result: "We find there is more interest in the constable race in District Three than in the Stevenson-Kefauver race."

Advantage in Apathy. For Adlai Stevenson indifference is an advantage. He has the support of nearly all of Florida's top Democrats, from LeRoy Collins (who announced for Adlai but has not actively campaigned) on down. With a small vote, this organization support could be the margin of victory.



REPUBLICAN MCKAY & WIFE
A fight for the right.

But Kefauver has his own kind of advantage. In his corner are Miami Lawyer Henry Sinclair, a shrewd but small-bore politician, and a crew of enthusiastic amateurs who have already stolen at least one march on Adlai's pros; they organized Dade County (Miami) down to the block-captain level while the Stevensonites marked time. In a close race Dade County, which casts more than 20% of Florida's vote (and which Kefauver carried nicely against Georgia's Senator Richard Russell in 1952), could make the difference.

With primary day approaching, however, every sign indicated that the voters who might have decided the Florida primary will ho-hum and stay at home.

DEMOCRATS

The Rave for Ave

While an Indian quintet wailed the rhythm, a squaw named Evening Star one afternoon last week led a new brave named Eagle Chief arm-in-arm through a dance in the Great Falls, Mont., airport lobby. Eagle Chief, off the reservation, is New York's Governor Averell Harriman; the shuffles and wails were convincing demonstration that Harriman had sloughed off his "not active" role to hit the campaign warpath with all its handshaking, speechmaking, political backslapping and Indian ceremonials.

Working for Support. On a six-day, 6,780-mile junket through seven western states, Harriman moved fast and campaigned hard. He ranged across Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Washington, Idaho, Utah and Nevada in a chartered DC-3. Before he turned homeward, he had made 14 speeches, held ten press conferences, worked a backbreaking 17-hour day that sapped staff members and newsmen. On the 64-year-old New Yorker, the crushing schedule seemed to work like a tonic.

Wherever his plane touched down, Ave had a hand-shake for those nearest him in the sign-bearing ("We Rave for Ave") crowds mustered to meet him. He preached a single, hard theme: Dwight Eisenhower's Administration has betrayed the farmers, surrendered to big business, destroyed the U.S. position in the world.

He asked a single favor: "I need your support and help." This was not the request of a favorite son. Said Harriman at Billings, Mont.: "My name will be before the convention as a candidate."

The western audiences generally reacted warmly, though they saw in Harriman some hints of another New Yorker they remembered. There was the same high-bred pronunciation and frequent use of the phrase "My friends." At a Spokane breakfast meeting, Harriman was introduced as "another Franklin Roosevelt."

"**Workin' on the Railroad.**" For Square Harriman, the swing through the west was educational as well as profitable. Without valet, in towns where tailor shops were locked for the night, the governor used an old technique of traveling sales-

men: to ease out the wrinkles, he hung his suit in hotel bathrooms, turned on the hot water, let the room fill with wrinkle-removing steam.

He reacted to good news with boyish enthusiasm. When a midnight conference at the Rogers Hotel in Idaho Falls produced all twelve Idaho convention votes for him, he roamed the corridors searching for newsmen so they could telephone their papers. He found only one of his caravan's traveling reporters, who explained that the others were asleep, a call to New York where it was 3 a.m. would reach only the janitors. Harriman insisted the others be roused out. Said he: "This is the time they can get the story."

It was not coincidence that led Harriman to the land served by his family's



Carl Iwatsuki—Life

CANDIDATE HARRIMAN (IN BILLINGS, MONT.)
A tonic for the squire.

Union Pacific Railroad. Good railroading makes the Harriman name respected throughout the territory. When Ave landed at Pocatello, Idaho, the Idaho Falls High School band blared out with "I've been workin' on the railroad."

By week's end, when he boarded an airliner at San Francisco to return to New York for a ten-day hospital stay (prostate operation), Harriman had turned a slow start into a fast finish, capped by an announcement from Oklahoma that the state's 28 votes were his. The firm Harriman box score:

New York	94 ¹⁰
Oklahoma	28
Idaho	12
Wyoming	5 ¹¹
Utah	3

¹⁰ About four of New York's 98 votes are expected to go for Stevenson. However, Mayor Robert F. Wagner Jr., who has supported Stevenson, said this week he will vote for Harriman on the first ballot if the governor is presented as a favorite son.

Another half dozen votes from Colorado, Nevada and Washington brought his total close to 150. The count was far short of the 687 votes that will nominate a Democratic candidate. But in one week Campaigner Harriman had made remarkable progress.

POLITICAL NOTES

Party Line

The national committee of the Communist Party in the U.S. last week made public its party line for the 1956 election year; its main effort will be to change the course of the Democratic Party in an all-out attempt to defeat the "Cadillac Cabinet" of Eisenhower and Nixon.

Asserting that this important goal can

wheelchair by arthritis and complications Millikin, 65, has announced that he will run again. But the G.O.P., facing hard opposition from Brannan, is expected to urge Senator Millikin to withdraw in favor of a candidate who could conduct a more vigorous campaign. A leading choice of the politicos, if Gene Millikin agrees to step down, Texas-born Dan Thornton, cattle rancher and former (1951-54) governor of Colorado.

THE CAMPAIGN

Get Out the Cues

With toothy smiles all around, the national chairmen of the Democratic and Republican parties met last week in Washington's Mayflower hotel, shook hands almost as though they meant it, signed a pledge against playing dirty campaign pool this year—and immediately began whacking each other with the pool cues.

Brought together by the well-meaning Fair Campaign Practices Committee Inc. and its well-meaning chairman, Cincinnati Mayor Charles P. Taft (brother of the late U.S. Senator Robert Taft), Democrat Paul Butler and Republican Len Hall signed, with telegraphic flourishes, a fair-play code: "I shall condemn any dishonest or unethical practice, etc., etc." Then, while Republican Chief Hall stood quietly to one side, Democratic Leader Butler faced the bank of television cameras, reached into his pocket and whipped out a prepared statement. Cried he: "Fraudulent and baseless charges like 'party of treason' and 'traitorous conduct'

not only violate the code but endanger our whole political system."

Republican Chairman Hall at first seemed startled, then laughed uncomfortably and finally snapped: "... fair campaign." As a pomegranate red seeped above his tight collar, Hall continued: "I offered to pay \$1,000 to charity if anyone could prove Mr. Nixon ever made that statement. There have been no takers. The offer still stands." Retorted Butler: "It's just a play on words . . . It's clearly a violation."

With visions of his truce session going up in smoke, Fair Player Taft tried to intervene, tut-tutted: "That subject has been exhausted. Each side has stated his position." He explained that complaints of unfair campaign tactics would be screened by his committee, then referred to newspapers for public airing. At that, Butler wondered about the treatment his party would get at the hands of "editors whose papers are 85% in favor of the Republicans."

Hall (groaning): Here we go again. I think the press is fair.

Butler (interrupting): You should.

Hall (breaking in): I don't like this cry-baby stuff.

Taft (floundering): Just a moment . . .

Amid the uproar, Charlie Taft (tried to read a statement, failed to get far, scrapped it, and admitted of his committee's ambitious project: "I wouldn't say that we are going to accomplish all that we want." That, at least, seemed to be a fair (if somewhat optimistic) campaign-year statement.

THE ATOM

From the Air

Almost two weeks behind schedule because of unfavorable winds, the U.S. this week fired its eighth hydrogen device, its first super-bomb to be dropped from a plane. Estimated size of the big shot: 10 megatons, the equivalent of 10 million tons of TNT.

During predawn darkness in the mid-Pacific atomic proving grounds, the B-52 intercontinental jet bomber *Barbara Grace* roared upwards from Eniwetok Atoll, the big bomb in its belly. A fleet manned by 13,500 men stood 39 miles off target—Namu Atoll at the northwest edge of Bikini Atoll while the big B-52 climbed to an altitude of 40,000 to 50,000 ft. Suddenly a fireball flared through the dark—silver-white, creamy-white, orange-red, boiling outward to a three-mile diameter at a speed of hundreds of miles per hour. Along the horizon spread a broad bank of dirty clouds of dust and moisture, merging upwards into the fireball to form the characteristic and by now famous mushroom cloud.

Two minutes and 43 seconds after the explosion, the shock wave rocked the fleet, roaring dully in men's ear drums for some 30 seconds. The mushroom rose high above dark bands of natural clouds, showing traces of brown and small brilliant pinpoints of light, tinted cerise and pink by the dawn. Ten minutes later the cloud towered 80,000 to 90,000 ft. above the sea. In five more minutes it stood 100,000 ft. up. Flattening out, its spread covered 100 miles. Winds bore the fallout far from inhabited land, away across the empty ocean.

The big shot was the U.S.'s 67th atomic-type explosion, as against about 15 for Russia, three for Britain.

THE ADMINISTRATION

What to Cut?

During the fiscal year ending June 30 the U.S. will take in \$67.7 billion instead of an estimated \$64.5 billion. This will be more than enough, Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey told Congress last week, to absorb an increase in Federal spending from the budgeted \$64.3 billion to \$65.9 billion. As a result, the U.S. budget for fiscal 1956 will have a surplus of \$1.8 billion—eight times the expected \$230 million. Treasury's Humphrey had a happy explanation for the welcome news: "The upsurge of prosperity in the nation has increased current Federal budget receipts."

By the time Humphrey finished talking, the argument about what to do with all that surplus had already begun. There was some pressure in Congress, largely from Democrats, for an election-year tax cut, but George Humphrey laid down a firm Eisenhower Administration line for another kind of cut: the surplus should be used, he said, to "make a most welcome reduction in our huge [\$276 billion] national debt."



DEMOCRAT BUTLER, CHAIRMAN TAFT & REPUBLICAN HALL
And then the whacking began.

Exceptional Service

In 37 years of sensitive diplomatic assignments—Rome, Paris, Moscow, Madrid, London, Rio de Janeiro—U.S. Career Diplomat James Clement Dunn won wide respect as an urbane, wise, influential foreign-service officer. As U.S. Ambassador to Italy (1946-52), he merited the State Department's Distinguished Service Award for helping defeat the Communists in the critical 1948 elections (partially by dramatizing U.S. aid). As Ambassador to Spain (1953-55), he helped develop the new U.S. policy of good relations with Franco. Moving on to booming Brazil in February 1955, he concentrated on touring remote jungles and backwaters by jeep, plane and dugout canoe, impressed Brazilians by his outspoken sympathy and support. "I wish I were younger," he would say of Brazil. "I would like to see this country 40 years from now."

Last month Career Diplomat Dunn was nominated one of the U.S.'s first "five-star diplomats" with the rank of career ambassador.* Last week, at 65, Dunn announced plans to retire, effective July 1. Said President Eisenhower: "exceptionally capable service."

Worn by overwork and "feeling much below par," Clare Booth Luce, 53, U.S. Ambassador to Italy, flew home last week for a checkup at Manhattan's Doctors Hospital. Said her physician: "Mrs. Luce is suffering from a chronic enteritis, which appears to be related to an infection of the liver which she had while abroad. She has, as well, a moderately severe iron-deficiency anemia, probably due to the same cause. She received one transfusion . . . and will require others. I have advised the ambassador not to return to her post for about two months. At that time I would anticipate complete recovery."

The Uncivil Servant

Delaware's watchdog Senator John J. Williams had a shocker for his colleagues. Were they aware that "the United States Government is operating a race track, has employed as its general manager a nationally known racketeer"? Were they aware that the Government "is paying that former racketeer an annual salary of \$35,000," placing him below only the President (\$100,000) and the Chief Justice (\$35,500) on the U.S. payroll? Republican Williams' target was a pudgy built-eye he has blasted before, sometime Bootlegger and Numbers King William G. ("Big Bill") Lias, whose badly distributed 360 lbs. causes him to resemble the false-bottomed gasoline truck he devised in the '20s to haul West Virginia moonshine. Forsaking crasser occupations, Lias in 1945 bought Wheeling Downs, a half-mile track on an island in the Ohio River at Wheeling. He soon raced into

* The others: Robert Murphy, 61, Deputy Under Secretary of State; Loy W. Henderson, 53, Deputy Under Secretary of State for Administration; Freeman ("Doc") Matthews, 57, Ambassador to the Netherlands.



Joe Maroko—*Wheeling Intelligencer*
INTERNAL REVENUE'S BIG BILL LIAS

The odds favor Uncle Sam.

trouble: the U.S. sued him for unpaid income taxes that, compounded by penalties and interest, totaled more than \$2,500,000. Immigration authorities, ignoring Lias' protests that he was born in Wheeling in 1900, have decided that he was born in Greece, and are prepared to send him back as an undesirable alien once the tax suit is settled.

To protect its claim, the Government put Lias into receivership in 1952, then decided Big Bill probably could run the federalized race track more efficiently than anyone else. Lias, who paid himself \$65,000 a year as general manager, asked a modest \$5,000 to do the job for Uncle Sam. Federal Judge Harry E. Watkins, supervising the receivership, scaled the request to \$35,000. Of that, \$15,000 is deducted for current taxes. \$10,000 is applied to Big Bill's seven-figure debt to the U.S., and the remaining \$10,000 is for Lias.

With a court-appointed receiver and Judge Watkins keeping eyes on him, Lias has become a grudgingly effective overseer. Since 1952, Wheeling Downs has paid \$4,000,000 in federal, state and local taxes and provided its stockholders a \$50,000 dividend. Net worth of the racing association has climbed from \$202,000 to \$386,000; working cash has multiplied from \$12,000 to \$342,000. The Internal Revenue Service, which balked at Lias' offers to settle his tax bill—first for \$500,000 and later for \$1,600,000—makes no apology for allowing Wheeling Downs to operate with Big Bill at its helm. "We're a collection agency," said an IRS man last week. "If he's got the connections and know-how to make [it] pay, swell."

THE CONGRESS

New Mood & New Bill

Summoned to their desks two hours ahead of schedule one day last week to consider the farm bill, U.S. Senators encountered an ultimatum from Lyndon Johnson: the majority leader expected final action on the measure by day's end. Ten hours later Johnson had his way. By voice vote the Senate approved a bill that is expected to fit easily with an earlier House bill.

The quick action was solid evidence that the mood of Congress has changed since President Eisenhower vetoed the first farm bill last month. Prodded by mail from home, Congressmen have been seeking the quickest approach to a bill the President will sign. The Senate bill, which has the qualified approval of Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson, contains many of the provisions the President had hoped for when his veto sent Congress back for another try. However, it fails him on some points, e.g., although it would create a \$1.2 billion soil bank, it would not provide any payments this year to pump cash into the farm economy.

Administration spokesmen in the Senate predicted that President Eisenhower will sign the new version.

ARMED FORCES

The Re-Enlistment Blues

"Get paid out on Monday, not a dog soljer no more," exults a barrack-room ballad in *From Here to Eternity*. But a few days later, his mustering-out pay gone, his new-found freedom turned sour, the pre-Pearl Harbor infantryman in James Jones's novel surrenders to *The Re-Enlistment Blues* and signs up.

In Washington last week a Senate appropriations subcommittee heard a 1956 version of the re-enlistment blues. As sung by Assistant Defense Secretary Carter L. Burgess, it was a different tune. It did not concern the "dog soljer"; it was about highly trained specialists whose skills range from running an infantry squad to directing propulsion operations on an atomic submarine. Re-enlistment rates, said Burgess, are dangerously low particularly among the men who are the most expensive to train, whose capacities are greatest and whose talents would be "the most critical in modern war." Some of the statistics:

¶ Last summer 53% of the Army's "food service" personnel signed up again at the end of their first enlistments, but only 10% of its electronics specialists followed suit.

¶ In the Air Force 40% of all air police but only 5% of the atomic weapons specialists re-enlisted.

¶ Of the 43,800 commissioned officers whose tour of duty ended last year, 32,000 returned to civilian life; approximately 4,000 of them were jet pilots trained at a cost of \$122,000 each.

¶ Of the 322,200 officers on active duty in all the services, only 89,000 are regu-



United Press

BRAKERMAN CAHILL & FAMILY

"You mean they're going to take it away?"

lers (only 17% of the Air Force's commissioned personnel are career men), and most of the rest intend to become civilians again at the first opportunity.

Why don't more Americans choose the military for a career? The most important reason is the inability of the armed forces to match private industry's two brightest attractions: higher pay and better living conditions, especially for family men. To meet the problem, Burgess offered a couple of realistic solutions: require longer service but offer larger re-enlistment bonuses to highly skilled and hard-to-get specialists. Private industry could help, he believes, by undertaking more of its own training programs instead of using the armed forces as a training school.

As for the "dog solfer," Burgess would drop those unwilling or unable to absorb atom-age training. Said he: "We have no place for the half-lazy, the half-talented in today's complex military structure."

Where Burgess' suggestions counted most, they scored heavily. Members of the Senate subcommittee urged him to incorporate them in recommended legislation, promised full support when they reach Congress.

Psychological Warfare

As Armed Forces Day programs across the country sought to give public evidence of harmony within the U.S. military last week, an ancient and hardsy feud again reached the leaked-memo stage. The Army, Navy and Air Force were all involved, and the tactics were familiar: staff papers with ugly criticisms of other services were passed furtively to newsmen in Pentagon corridors, soon boiled into bulletins and headlines.

In one under-the-table document, the Army bitterly charged that overemphasis on airpower has left the U.S. "grossly unprepared to deal with the Communist

threat." The outraged Air Force lashed back in a paper holding that land forces will play only minor roles in future wars. To make the circle complete, the Air Force dismissed Navy claims that its supercarriers can carry atomic warfare into "the enemy's front yard" by describing the big ships as among the most vulnerable of all A-bomb targets.

Although all this sounded unhappily like the beginning of 1949's "Revolt of the Admirals" (TIME, Oct. 17, 1949 *et seq.*), no revolt of the generals seemed brewing. One reason: at the top of any U.S. military argument stands a man with a considerable reputation on the subject, Old Soldier Dwight Eisenhower. Another reason: blunt old Defense Secretary Charles Wilson, who greeted the battle of the press leaks with the promise of a personal investigation, and rasped: "They don't have to practice psychological warfare on each other."

THE SUPREME COURT A Need for Finality

One June day in 1953 Ray Cahill, a 375-a-week brakeman for the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, was sent out to flag traffic along a stretch of track that runs down the middle of busy U.S. Route 1 in New Haven, Conn. Out of the traffic line lurched a truck. It pinned Brakeman Cahill against a railroad car, crushing his back. At that moment began a legal trial that twisted and turned until, last week, it became a national issue.

Contending that the railroad had not given him proper instructions before it sent him out to do hazardous work (he had been with the road only three months), Cahill sued the New Haven for damages. His case dragged through the courts while he and his family (he has a wife and three children) went on relief.

Finally, last November, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled 5-1 in Cahill's favor: in January the court unanimously turned down the railroad's plea for a rehearing. In the face of what clearly appeared to be a final decision, the railroad paid the permanently disabled Cahill, who is 24, a whopping damage claim of \$69,358.50.

A Startling Reversal. With the money in the bank, tax-free, the Cahills went on no wild spending spree. Around \$30,000 went for the attorney's fee. Approximately \$40,000 went to pay other bills—hospitals, physicians, the welfare departments—and to buy a car and a small piece of property on which the Cahills started building a \$14,000 house. Their only non-essential purchases were a cocker spaniel for the kids and a new coat—her first in three years—for Mrs. Cahill. The remaining \$20,000 was the Cahills' money to live on during his three years at New Haven State Teachers College, where he is studying to become a high-school mathematics instructor. "We didn't have a ball," said Cahill. "We didn't even buy a television set."

But while the Cahills paid bills and made plans, the railroad went back to the Supreme Court. Exercising a seldom-used right, the New Haven attorneys asked the court to recall its earlier decision. One day last week the highest court in the land, in a 5-4 decision, reversed its decisions of last November and January. It sent the Cahill case back to the appellate court to determine whether the trial judge had improperly admitted evidence of previous accidents at the point where Cahill was injured. When the word reached Cahill he blurted: "Oh my God, you mean they're going to take it away?"

A Seized Thought. For many of the nation's lawyers, the sudden reversal was almost as much of a shock as it was for Cahill (who was somewhat comforted by a New Haven public-relations man's statement that the road is not "interested in making things hard for Cahill. I wouldn't think we'd take his house away from him"). The view of many men of the law was summed up by Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black, who, in a seven-page dissenting opinion, made his key point through the words of an earlier (1870-92) Supreme Court Justice, Joseph P. Bradley: "It ought to be understood . . . that this court, being a court of last resort, gives great consideration to cases of importance . . . there should be a finality somewhere."

Adding a point in his own words, Justice Black wrote: "If such summary action . . . can be taken with reference to a judgment paid only a few days ago, why could it not be taken with reference to a judgment paid a year ago?" This was a thought inevitably seized upon by others, including Georgia's Democratic U.S. Representative Prince Preston. He promptly suggested that the U.S. Supreme Court, having established its ability to reverse itself within only four months, should now do so in the case of its 1954 desegregation decision.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE KREMLIN

Awkward Responses

The world of Communism stirred under the wind of change. Every day the world saw some new Soviet gesture. The most dramatic last week was Russia's announcement of a sizable cutback in its armed forces. Added to that, hardly a day passed without some new witticism from Nikita Khrushchev, some new revision of history, some political prisoner rehabilitated, some old scoundrel exposed. Every gesture may yet prove a fraud, or the Kremlin's masters—finding that small concessions lead to wider demands—may try to take it all back and revert to proved severities. But it was no longer enough to mock each concession as unreal, or to greet each one with the declaration that the Communists are still tyrants (which they are), or that the West must keep its guard up (which it must).

A feeling that the West's response is inadequate was widespread last week. Editorialists from London to Rome to San Francisco brooded over it. Konrad Adenauer bemoaned the West's inability to speak with one voice (*see below*). Britain's Socialist leader, Hugh Gaitskell, visiting the U.S., complained that the West's reactions to new Russian tactics seem "less united, less certain and less clear" than they once were. The cold war may not have thawed, but its terms have changed. Too often the West seems to be answering a challenge no longer posed, or, at least, posed in different terms.

A drastic overhauling was due in three areas:

Allies: The confused babble of voices raised in response to the Russian announcement of an arms cut (*see below*) showed how far out of touch the Allies have become.

Neutrals: Six years ago, faced with war in Korea and the threat that it might spread, the U.S. had demanded that every nation stand up and be counted—a demand which some of Asia's prideful new nations resented and resisted. The Korean war is long over, and it is time to dismantle some of the framework it imposed. A welcome sign of change: Washington's cordiality to Indonesia's neutralist President Sukarno (*see NATIONAL AFFAIRS*).

Communist Territories: From all outward signs, the Kremlin's men intend to encourage some form of controlled nationalism in the satellites (a process not to be confused with Titoism, which was an uncontrollable revolt). Within Russia the Kremlin has reduced the work week from 45 to 46 hours, released thousands of political prisoners from internment, raised pensions for the aged and disabled, and sought to modify some of the strains of the Stalin era. Since this is good business for the Communist leaders, who hope to get more productivity out of the beneficiaries, the West has found such

gestures awkward to reply to. Russia skillfully seeks to magnify every concession; the West instinctively tries to minimize them.

The future will tell whether the Communists can safely loosen the leash while making it more secure; or whether the demands of the classes they must educate to staff their industrial expansion will prove harder and harder to satisfy without major modifications of Communist practice. But the Soviet concessions, however overdue and inadequate, are an easement to millions of hard-pressed subjects. As such, they are not necessarily defeats for the West, though the West tends to make them so.

Fat Man's Challenge

For weeks Western governments had known that the Russians were going to do it. Nikita Khrushchev had said as much to Harold Stassen, amidst the drinks and din of the party at Claridge's. But when the announcement came last week that the Soviet Union would reduce its armed forces by 1,200,000 men by May 1957, the response of the West was confused, contradictory and uncertain.

The British estimated that the action would reduce the Russians' total uniformed manpower by as much as one-third. The Russians themselves said it meant the disbandment of 63 divisions and brigades, including some 30,000 men stationed in East Germany. They said they also intend to mothball 375 naval vessels, deactivate three air divisions, cut armaments and military budgets. "Other governments," said the Russian statement, "insofar as they are sincerely willing to contribute to the strengthening of peace, cannot but follow suit."

Opposite Tacks. With a single voice the West pointed out that by declaring the cut unilaterally, the Russians allowed no possibility of verifying whether they actually carry out their pledges. But the West seemed agreed on little else. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles first declared that he had predicted it, then suggested that the Russians might not go through with it, that even if they did no one should let his guard down, ended by arguing that the Soviet striking power might even be increased by the transfer of these men from the armed forces to factories. A newsman demanded whether Dulles would rather these men stayed in the army. Said Dulles: "I would rather have them standing around doing guard duty than making atomic bombs."

In Britain, Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden took an almost opposite tack. "We welcome the Russian reductions," he said. "If it so happens that everybody starts to catch this habit, we shall have no objection. But I think we are entitled to say that we were the first to start it." And Minister of Defense Sir Walter Monckton, though conceding that the Russians would still have 237 divisions under arms v. NATO's 100, announced that Britain was reducing its armed forces by another 70,000 men.

In Europe's capitals the Russian cut was regarded confidently as genuine, for the reason that it made simple sense for the Russians themselves:

¶ They don't need that many soldiers any more. With modern weapons, mass armies can safely be streamlined without any cost in striking power—as the U.S. did with its "new look" of two years ago—and the savings can be spent on other things, notably more air power, height-



RUSSIAN INFANTRY IN RED SQUARE
The thin man might starve to death.

Sovfoto



B. & K. WITH PREMIER MOLLET AT MOSCOW COCKTAIL PARTY
A dialogue between deaf men.

U.S. NEWSWEEKS

ened missile development. In Britain, Khrushchev had grandly offered to sell the British cruisers like the one he came on. "Under modern conditions," grinned Khrushchev, doubtless reflecting the thinking of Russia's top military men, "the best thing a cruiser can be used for is to carry guests to a friendly country."

¶ The Russians do need the men in factories and on the farms, and admit it frankly. The Soviet economy is expanding. One British economist has estimated that Russia, which is out to match present U.S. production by 1963, will by then be "the industrial giant of the Eurasian land mass." Russia's manpower need is acute because of the low birth rate during the war, which is just beginning to be felt in the recruiting of 16-year-olds. By 1958 there will be only an estimated 800,000 boys and girls entering Russia's work force v. 2,000,000 in 1954.

¶ The Russians gained a big propaganda advantage in disarmament.

¶ Since there is no check on their activities, they can always recall the men at short notice.

¶ The cut would have no appreciable effect on Russia's real power—its massive air force and burgeoning submarine fleet. ¶ Their action put an added strain on the creaking NATO structure. The Russians reason that NATO was welded together by fear. Reduce the fear, and the alliance may yet fall apart.

Cries for Relief. Europeans, putting on a more hopeful look than the air-power-minded U.S., also see the announcement as proof of their basic assumption since Geneva: that the Soviets no longer fears attack from the West and plans none of its own. Already, German Social Democrats and Free Democrats are demanding "a serious review" of West Germany's projected rearmament. In Britain a group of 55 Laborites led by Nye Bevan declared that the reduction "made

it clear that the challenge of Communism is economic, social and political—not military," and demanded the end of conscription and reduced defense spending.

Soberest reaction came from Harold Stassen, who announced that a group of eight distinguished soldiers and experts has been called to assess the implications of the Russian gambit. The advisory group would also try to find an answer for Russia's expected demand that the West match their reductions. To that expected challenge, Dulles recently provided a short answer in the form of an anecdote: A fat man and a thin man agreed to go on a diet: the fat man got healthier, the thin man starved to death.

While the West pulled itself together, Russia briskly put its new program on display by ordering the first of 30,000 troops out of East Germany amid moving farewells from German comrades and pledges of undying gratitude. Nothing was said about the 235,000 Russian soldiers who will remain there.

Under the Skin

Arriving in Moscow aboard an Air France plane, with a party of 60, including outriders and newsmen, France's Premier Guy Mollet made one thing clear at the outset: "France belongs to alliances—I would say even to a community—to which she will remain faithful."

After this little speech at the airport, the French party drove off in one set of black limousines, and the Russian hosts (Bulgarian and Molotov, but not Khrushchev) in another. Soon Mollet found that the Russians too could be direct.

"Some of the most brutally frank talk I've ever heard," said Socialist Mollet, emerging from one session.

Midway through his three-day meeting with the Kremlin leaders, Mollet invited the Moscow ambassadors of twelve NATO countries to lunch, to assure them that the

Russians now knew they could not split NATO. "It took a Socialist, a man of the left, to convince them," he said. "I fought harder for NATO here in Moscow than I ever did in Paris."

The Non-Diplomats. But whether the subject was disarmament, German reunification, or Foreign Minister Christian Pineau's pet plan for channeling aid to underdeveloped countries through the U.N., reported Paris' *Le Monde*, it was "a dialogue between deaf men." Once Khrushchev rasped something that startled Mollet into an amazed grin. "I amuse you, don't I?" roared Khrushchev. "If I speak bluntly, it's because I'm not a diplomat." Schoolmasterly Socialist Mollet responded: "Neither am I."

In these days of dramatic top-level visits, it no longer seems to matter that leaders cannot agree. Everybody seems pleased enough just to meet and differ (the Russians are able to show their people how diligently they are seeking peace). At one party at the pagoda-like French embassy, Malenkov, Mikoyan and Molotov knocked back repartee with Mollet and Pineau. Having been asked by Malenkov to toast collective leadership, Mollet invited his guests to try the buffet. Only Mikoyan helped himself. Mollet then inquired slyly whether, under collective leadership, "If one man eats, the others are no longer hungry?" Closer to the *canapés*, Bulgarian Khrushchev and Marshal Zhukov chatted with U.S. Ambassador "Chip" Bohlen. Khrushchev ribbed Zhukov for helping himself "as though you haven't eaten for a day." Said Bohlen: "But the marshal is much thinner, now that he's lost 1,200,000 troops." A ripple of stout laughter floated across the room.

A final discussion of Algeria threw the last formal session into overtime, and delayed by five hours the signing of the year's most uncommunicative communiqué ("a useful exchange of opinion"). No sooner had Khrushchev asserted a pious hope that for the Algerian problem France would "find an appropriate solution in the spirit of our epoch" than he lunched up to the Egyptian ambassador at the huge Kremlin reception that followed, and lifted his glass in a toast "to the Arabs and all people struggling for national independence."

The Big Laugh. Russia, he said, laughs at all who say: "There are nations not grown up enough for self-government. You cannot stop history. We are those who fight for liberation." Russia proved able to govern itself, "and then became the second greatest world power. Why cannot the Arabs, the Indians and other people do that? There is no difference."

To show that all peoples are the same under the skin, Khrushchev told the story of a czar who in the old days left his clothes on a riverbank while he swam after a wounded animal. When people saw him naked, they laughed. "Prove you are a czar," they said. "He was naked and could not prove it," crowed Khrushchev. "In a bathtub you can't tell the difference between a czar and a Khrushchev."

WEST GERMANY

"NATO Must Adjust"

Konrad Adenauer's office in Bonn's Schaumburg palace was festive with lilacs last week. The old Chancellor himself, his craggy face and steady hands still brown from his Swiss vacation, looked fit and relaxed in a grey flannel suit as he discussed the problems of his country and his continent with TIME Correspondent James Bell.

On NATO (with animation): "The political development of NATO is essential. It is nonsense to believe one can have a common military policy without also having a common basic foreign policy. But no steps have been taken to stress the political role of NATO. When NATO was created there was serious danger of a hot war. Now the Russians have postponed this idea, but they haven't given it up. They concentrate now on political warfare and on infiltration. NATO must adjust itself to this new situation."

"It is not right that such important questions as Cyprus and the Middle East have so far not been discussed in NATO. If three years ago NATO had calmly and quietly discussed Cyprus, I can imagine that the present conflict could have been avoided."

"Take the danger in the Middle East. Is it not a question for NATO? But so far NATO has been silent. Our governments should give their NATO representatives information and instructions necessary to enable them to discuss such matters. It is as though these NATO ambassadors live on remote islands far from their motherlands and without instructions."

On GERMAN UNIFICATION (with great vigor): If Khrushchev offered to negotiate with West Germany bilaterally on unification, "there would be no response whatsoever. It is nonsense to believe that the Soviets who were not prepared to give us reunification in peace and liberty with the other powers, would give it to us alone. They only want to bargain. In their eyes, German reunification is one of several objectives from which they want to get as much as possible. Khrushchev has said that he is willing to wait until I have disappeared."

On GERMANY'S DELAY IN MILITARY CONTRIBUTIONS (gently but firmly): "Perhaps the fact is overlooked in the U.S. and other countries that in spite of the economic boom in the Federal Republic there are still millions of Germans who lack the basic requirements for normal existence. The aged pensioners with their dependents number 16 million, and there are the war wounded and the expellees [from the East]. These are heavy burdens which no other country has to bear. Therefore it is understandable that our public is not too pleased when it hears that greater amounts are asked for which there is no legal claim. When the matter was first brought up, it was not too skillfully handled. In spite of all this I hope we will come to an arrangement in the near future."

SINGAPORE

A Time of Lepers

In the year 1703 I called at Johor on my way to China, and he [the King of Johor] treated me very kindly and made me a present of the island of Singapore, but I told him it could be of no use to a private person, though a proper place for a company to settle a colony on, lying in the centre of trade and being accommodated with good rivers and safe harbours, so conveniently situated that all winds served shipping both to go out and come into these rivers.

—Captain Alexander Hamilton

The British never really wanted Singapore, and it was only at the insistence of East India Company Merchant Thomas

Stamford Raffles that a British government reluctantly established a colony there in 1826. As the China trade swelled, Singapore waxed fat, but the British were always a little tardy about managing its swarming population (now 1,100,000, mostly Chinese) and its uniquely Asian problems. In 1942 the Japanese took Singapore in a quick march, and British prestige never recovered. Last week British feet were dragging again on Singapore.

The issue was one which has brought trouble to many corners of the British Commonwealth: How far can the local population's just demands for independence be met without jeopardizing the colony's strategic value? Red China has been wooing and winning Singaporeans. Although there are only 3,000 known, hardcore Communists on the island, they

VISUALIZED PRESS

COLONIAL SECRETARY IN TROUBLE:

Alan Tindal Lennox-Boyd



Born: Nov. 18, 1904, son of a minor Lowland laird.

Appearance: Dark, handsome, and so tall—6 ft. 6 in.—that Africans call him "Bwana Kilimanjaro!"

Education: Christ Church, Oxford, where he won the presidency of the Oxford Union debating society, co-founded the university Conservative Club. In 1929, aged 25, was defeated by Socialist in a hopeless try for a Welsh mining-district seat, went on debating tour of 48 U.S. campuses, where he good-naturedly upbraided Americans for having pulled out of the Empire.

Political Career: Elected to Parliament in 1931 for a Bedfordshire seat that he has held ever since. As elegant backbencher he praised Franco, Mussolini and Hitler, joined the Friends of Franco, and overenthusiastically defended Munich ("Hitler could absorb Czechoslovakia and Britain could remain secure"). When Churchill replaced Chamberlain and obviously had little relish for Lennox-Boyd's views, he joined the coastal navy, but continued to show up in the House of Commons every time his escort vessel touched a Channel port. He caught the eye of the late Oliver Stanley, an imperialist Tory who was rethinking Britain's colonial position. Mellowed and increased in wisdom by this friendship, he won Stanley's support, became Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Aircraft Production.

Postwar Career: When Churchill and the Conservatives regained power in 1951, became No. 2 man at Colonial Office under heavy-handed Oliver Lyttelton; in 1954 became Colonial Secretary himself.

Personal Life: In 1938 married Lady Patricia Guinness of the wealthy brewing family, and honeymooned in Addis Ababa, which Mussolini's forces had captured. A non-practicing lawyer, he has an income from investments of more than \$50,000 a year; his wife's is even higher. A stranger to all sports, he superintends a four-man gardening crew at his Bedfordshire estate, grows flowers in the courtyard of his Belgrave house. Colonials of all creeds, colors and classes stream in to the Lennox-Boyd's frequent house parties.

Views & Policies: Loves his job, and has turned down a better one (Defense) to keep it. Has outgoing, though he has not found it necessary to repudiate, his earlier views, has won the confidence of many Commonwealth figures as an administrator of liberal intentions. His parliamentary manner is languid, sophisticated, earnest. Inheriting many messes, he has cleaned up some, e.g., the reinstatement of the exiled Kabaka of Buganda. Having fostered West Indian federation, Malayan self-rule, Gold Coast nationhood and Maltese integration, he has run into deep difficulty over Cyprus and Singapore, where his troubles are increased by the dictates of imperial defense.

maintain solid control through youth groups and labor unions. The Communists have been whooping up local demands for independence and scoring possession of the magic word *merdeka* (freedom).

The Portable. A year ago the British permitted Singaporeans to elect their own constituent assembly, kept control only of security (courts and police), defense and foreign affairs. The British hoped to get a democratic government with which they could make a long-term arrangement for final independence. What they got was a coalition left-wing government and a phenomenon fully representative of volatile, multi-racial Singapore: Chief Minister David Marshall.

No Communist, mercurial, spaniel-eyed Marshall is no Briton either. Of Spanish origin, his family migrated from the Levant to Singapore, where his father Anglicized the Hebrew family name, Mashal (meaning parable). Born in 1908, young Marshall went to Singapore's St. David's School, suffered malaria and tuberculosis, sold automobiles, went to London to study law, and set up as a barrister in Singapore. A member of the Singapore Volunteer Force in World War II, he was taken prisoner by the Japanese in 1942; his fellow prisoners remember his determined cheeriness in a Hokkaido camp in which 40% of the inmates died. After the war he became a leading figure in the colony's criminal courts, winning acquittals for his clients and some \$112,000 a year for himself. Bored with the businessman's Progressive Party, he switched to the Singapore Labor Party, vaguely socialistic and violently anticolonial. A flamboyant, pipe-smoking, bush-shirted political campaigner, he posed as the prophet of *merdeka*.

Marshall's chief rival is another lawyer, a Chinese. Three generations of Lee Kuan-yew's rich merchant family have been born in Singapore. Like Marshall, Lee, who is 33, studied law at London's Middle Temple. His People's Action Party is far enough to the left to be the chosen instrument of the Communists, and the British cannot quite decide whether he is a prisoner of the Communists or the simple nationalist and follower of Nehru that he professes to be. In Asian ears his *merdeka* has a sharper ring.

Arsenic Pudding. Last month in London a delegation of Singaporeans, including both Marshall and Lee, presented British Colonial Secretary Lennox-Boyd (*see box*) with a demand for full control of Singapore's internal affairs. When the British showed no disposition to turn over Singapore's police to the local government, Marshall slapped down a draft bill for Singapore's full independence, with the last word on internal security resting with the Singaporeans. Said he: "I am resigning immediately unless I get my proposals accepted."

The British attitude is that Singapore's local police forces are inextricably bound up with the island's defense system, and that unless the British have the key job (chairmanship) in Singapore's Security



CHIEF MINISTER MARSHALL
With a touch of humbug.

Council, their power to act in a defense emergency would be hopelessly impaired. Lennox-Boyd pledged that Britain would exercise this power only in the gravest national emergency.

Last week, as the talks broke down completely, Marshall declared grimly: "This is a day of mourning for a great opportunity lost; an opportunity to make friends with the people of Asia." The British proposals had been "Christmas pudding with arsenic sauce." At a press conference his eloquence got the better of his sense: "If we have elections on my return, I and my party will boycott them—or we will put up 25 of the most advanced lepers in the island as our candidates."



DELEGATE LEE KUAN-YEW
In the name of *merdeka*.
—Brian Seed

dates. Singapore will have to wait until the fascism of the Colonial Office and the Communism of Peking have expended themselves fighting."

But Marshall's emotional belligerency did not prevent him (after taking the Colonial Secretary and wife to the opera) from making a last-minute suggestion that the decisions of the present Security Council should be cleared through the British Parliament. The suggestion drew a hoot of derision from Lee: "Incredible political ineptitude . . . Never has so much humbug been enacted in so short a time by such a leadership . . ."

The British were inclined to agree about Marshall's talent for humbug and his unreliability as a negotiator, but their distaste for the new Asian demagogic did nothing to speed a solution to the problem of unstable Singapore. Lennox-Boyd was left to utter that inevitable Colonial Secretary's remark: "We, for our part have done all we can . . ."

EGYPT

Turning Point?

Rambling along the Gaza strip last week on a Moslem holiday tour of army bases and refugee camps, Premier Gamal Abdel Nasser heard a radio bulletin: the U.S. had approved a French shipment to Israel of twelve Mystère jet fighters out of its NATO stocks. Egypt's soldier-strongman blew up: the French jets added to a dozen Mystères and 24 Ouragan jets already shipped, would undo much of the advantage Egypt had gained by buying Soviet-built arms.⁹

By midnight Nasser knew by telephone from his Paris embassy that the *Mystère* report was correct. All next day he thundered in speech after speech to his soldiers about "the West's continuing conspiracy" without attacking the U.S. by name. He announced the formation of a "huge" Palestinian army inside the Egyptian army, recruited among the 220,000 Palestinian refugees in Gaza. Back in Cairo 38-year-old Premier Nasser cried dramatically: "I have witnessed a turning point in the Middle East."

Next day he fired off a cable to Communist China's Chou En-lai, whose government had just put on a big trade fair in Cairo and was buying \$28 million worth of Egypt's surplus cotton. Two days later, in an action likely to be followed by several other Arab-bloc countries, and likely to speed a showdown on Red China's bid for membership in the U.N. Assembly, Nasser's government extended diplomatic recognition to Peking. U.S. Ambassador Henry Byroade first learned what Nasser was up to when Nationalist China's ambassador, the dean

9. Cairo newspapers blossomed out last week with identical figures on what Egypt is getting from Communist Czechoslovakia: 200 MiG-15 fighters, 50 IL-28 twin-jet bombers; 200 heavy tanks, six submarines and torpedo boats. Four thirds of this equipment was said to have been delivered already. Western sources think the figures inflated, particularly the MiG total.



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of Cairo's diplomatic corps, informed him that he had been handed his walking papers. The same day, Egypt announced that a military mission would leave shortly for Peking. "As though Russia were the only place in the world to obtain arms apart from the Western capitals!" hooted the Cairo newspaper *Al Kahira*. "What about China, you [Western] idiots, which through your ignorance is not even a member of the U.N.?"

ITALY

Commissars & Mystics

On posters plastered on sun-warmed walls all over Italy, bat-winged devils erupted from a walled town above the Christian Democratic slogan: "Liberate our communes from the trustees of Moscow!" For the first time in four years, Italy's 7,143 communes are electing new governments next Sunday. Though only municipal elections, they will be read as a political referendum on Premier Antonio Segni's year-old Christian Democratic government. Italy's biggest political guns, from Segni himself to the Communists' Palmiro Togliatti, scoured the country orating.

In 1951 the Christian Democrats wrested such big cities as Turin, Venice, Genoa, Pisa and Florence from the Communists with the help of a tricky electoral law—since repealed—which awarded two-thirds of the seats in a city government to the party polling the most votes. This time, proportional representation rules in all cities and large towns, and Christian Democrats may find themselves without a governing majority even in towns where they top the popular poll.

The Vatican has thrown the power of the church behind them: signs on church doors warn: "Remember you are apostate and excommunicated if you vote for the Communists." But in a land where many of the people are at once Roman Catholic and anticlerical, the Vatican is being discreet. Communists are embarrassed by the dethroning of Stalin, but Communism's fellow-traveling allies, the Socialists of Pietro Nenni, are expected to do well. Four crucial races:

Rome. There is real danger of a Communist victory in the Holy City. In 1952 the Christian Democrats were actually outpolled by the allied Socialist-Communist slate, but saved by the electoral law. Under fat, fumbling Mayor Salvatore Rebecchini, Rome has been plagued by tram strikes, power and water shortages. He finally withdrew as a candidate for re-election, in the face of Communist charges of corruption centering on the projected Hotel Hilton, which is yet to be erected on Rome's outskirts. The Communist candidate is Giuseppe di Vittorio, a tough Red union leader who is rated second only to Togliatti as an orator and vote getter. If Di Vittorio wins, the Christian Democrats in the city council will try to keep him from forming a government, thus allowing the national government to appoint a prefect to govern instead.

Naples: Mayor Achille Lauro, onetime fisherman turned Monarchist and shipping tycoon, has governed Naples like a genial Midas, spent more than \$4,000,000 of his own money in largesse ranging from free spaghetti to the purchase of star players for the city soccer team. He has twice torn up the city's central square because he did not like the looks of it, recently ordered all traffic lights abolished because he became annoyed at red lights. Though he has done little for Naples' 30,000 homeless and 150,000 jobless, Lauro has spent public monies royally, handing out huge monthly "travel" allowances to deskbound functionaries, and beaming broadly on open corruption. When one Lauro councilor admitted taking a bribe from a contractor, Lauro made him chief of all city building. To complaints, a Lauro aide retorted airily: "The cat who



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COMMUNISTS DOZZA & TOGLIATTI
An answer to their Bologna.

can't reach the fat says it smells." His Monarchists are split, his Neo-Fascist allies in decline, but Mayor Lauro still has a way with Neapolitans, and a good chance of re-election.

Florence: Bouncy, bubbly little Giorgio La Pira, who lives like a monk, talks like a prophet, and never lets private rights stand in the way of what he considers public good, is in trouble. His cheerful spending of public funds has run the city into deep debt. He has outraged conservatives by his highhanded requisitioning of empty villas to house the city's poor. His seizure of bankrupt factories to preserve jobs for the workmen. His former conservative allies, the Liberals, have deserted him and joined the Monarchists and a local businessmen's party to put up a slate against "La Pirata." Local wags promptly labeled it "The Unpopular Front." But La Pira has so discomfited the Communists and stolen so much of their platform that, in desperation, the

local Reds are waging a weird campaign urging balanced budgets. "Why worry about the tax burden?" asks La Pira. "Everybody evades taxes, anyway."

Bologna: The Communist capital of Italy, Bologna was the only big Italian city to remain Red in 1951. Burly Mayor Giuseppe Dozza is an oldtime Comintern conspirator and ruthless wartime commissar, but he has run Bologna with a combination of the huckslapping amiability of a Tammany politician and the careful budgeting of a conservative capitalist. Opposing him is one of the most remarkable men in Italian politics: lank-haired Giuseppe Dossetti, a professor of canonical law, who looks and is an anguished, ascetic mystic. A dedicated advocate of the "Christian Community" on the model of his good friend, Florence's La Pira, Dossetti distinguished himself in the resistance, after the war became vice secretary of the Christian Democrats. But one day in 1951 he abruptly resigned all his offices and retired from politics, to plunge into an intense spiritual self-examination ("In those years, I unburdened myself of all personal interests"). He was persuaded by Bologna's Cardinal Lercaro to emerge from seclusion to challenge Dozza's rule. Gaunt and burning-eyed, he moved his bed into party headquarters, began speaking ten times a day through Bologna's "Little Stalingrad" suburbs, switched from the usual Christian Democratic attack on Communism's ideology to concentrate on Dozza's city management, hammering on the fact that employment had dropped in Bologna while soaring elsewhere in northern Italy. Communists, at first dismissing him as a fanatic without a chance, are now quite concerned about him.

AUSTRIA

New Wine

Austria, after 17 years of occupation (first by the Nazis, then by the Four Powers), has been free a year, and revelling in prosperity. Even its politics reflects contentment: for ten years the People's Party of Chancellor Julius Raab and its principal opponents, the Socialists, have shared a happy but energetically disputatious coalition government.

In February the partners fell out over the rich oilfields and 291 other industries that the Russians returned when they left Austria. The Socialists wanted to nationalize them 100% (Austria, with only one-third of its industry remaining in private hands, is perhaps the most nationalized nation outside the Iron Curtain). The People's Party proposed that new enterprises should be 51% government-owned, with the public allowed to buy shares in the other 49%. The partners agreed to take their differences to the polls.

On Election Day a remarkable 96% of the eligible voters, mellowed by warm spring sunshine and batches of *Heurigen* (new wine), went to the polls in Free Austria's first national election. Result: a gain of eight Parliament seats—to 82—

for Chancellor Raab's party, an increase in Socialist seats from 73 to 74. Both parties gained at the expense of the far right and left (Communist groups polled only 4.4% of the vote), but the victory of Raab's party presaged a slowdown in Austria's headlong nationalization.

RUSSIA

Jackals with Fountain Pens

Tough writers are seldom tough guys, but Alexander Fadeyev was an exception. His early novels are Russian-style westerns, full of galloping hooves and gun battles against terrible odds, simple taciturn heroes who figure that the "only way to give an order is to snap yes or no. Fadeyev himself lived this kind of life as a Soviet guerrilla during the civil war, and he believed that if it was not yes it must be no. Later, when it became his job to ride herd on Soviet literature for Dictator Stalin, tough Fadeyev made many an author bite the Siberian mud.

Russian literature, a powerful weapon in the Russian people's struggle for liberation from the Czars, was plunged into confusion after the establishment of the Soviet state. Many famous authors (Kuprin, Bunin) went into exile voluntarily; disillusionment led others (Yesenin, Mayakovskiy) to suicide. To give literature drive and direction, and broaden its appeal, the party formed the Union of Soviet Writers, headed by famed Maxim Gorky. But Gorky's optimistic ideas about "socialist realism" did not suit Stalin. The dictator found his man in Fadeyev, the steely-eyed yes man.

Rising Man. In 1936, two years after Fadeyev joined the presidium of the Union of Soviet Writers, Gorky died suddenly. Then people began asking questions. Where is Isaac (Red Cavalry) Babel? What has happened to Novelist Boris (Mother Earth) Pilniak? Why is the work of Poet Boris (Above the Barriers) Pasternak no longer published? About lesser writers there was no mystery: they had been arrested as "enemies of the people." While they disappeared, Fadeyev became No. 1 man in the Soviet Writers' Union. Disdaining elegant clothes, he habitually wore the party uniform, but he had his own chauffeur-driven car and a luxurious apartment. There was always a bottle of vodka within his easy reach.

By 1939 the Union of Soviet Writers was a well-drilled literary clique which dutifully applauded Stalin's deal with Hitler and praised his "military genius" when the Germans drove to the outskirts of Moscow. The union helped whip up enthusiasm for the "patriotic war," and Fadeyev himself produced a long, turgid novel called *Young Guard* about underground operations in the Ukraine. The Kremlin's kept writers grew fat on the war (*Young Guard* sold 3,000,000 copies), but when it was all over, Stalin cut them down to size in a new purge. Described as "filthy" and "obscene" in journals controlled by Author Fadeyev's union were two survivors of the revolutionary

epoch: Satirist Mikhail (The Adventures of an Ape) Zoshchenko and Poetess Anna (The White Flock) Akhmatova. Even Fadeyev, criticized in *Pravda*, had to eat a little crow. Told to rewrite *Young Guard*, he said: "I quite agree."

Typing Hyenas. Fadeyev was ordered aboard the great Communist peace bandwagon and sent off to Wroclaw to deliver a vodka-primed attack on the U.S. There he talked of the "disgusting filth" emanating from American culture and spoke of "trite films . . . reactionary waste paper such as TIME" and American swing, a "contemporary version of St. Vitus' dance . . ." Said he, speaking of the work of Writers John Dos Passos, T. S. Eliot, Eugene O'Neill, André Malraux, Jean Paul Sartre: "If hyenas could type and jackals could use fountain pens, they would produce such works." Next year,

power-loving bureaucrat who practices the cult of personality. By praising Gorky in the highest terms, Sholokhov revived the old mystery of his death and Fadeyev's succession.

In the literary controversy that has raged in Moscow since Sholokhov's attack, the magazine *New World*, an organ of the Writers' Union, this month began publishing Bruno Yasienki's long-suppressed novel, *The Plot of the Indifferent*, with a preface by his widow referring to his "arrest based on the slander of provocateurs." In the strange dialectic of Communist Russia, yes was rapidly becoming no. An old Stalin-line man could no longer remain indifferent. Last week Tass News Agency reported the end. In his luxurious apartment, Alexander Fadeyev shot himself. The cause, said Tass, was chronic alcoholism and "grave mental depression."

The new Soviet leadership is capable of delicate literary irony. The entire Presidium filed past Fadeyev's coffin.



NOVELIST FADEYEV
Yes become no.

attending a Communist-front cultural conference in Manhattan, he was startled to find himself questioned about Soviet writers. Said he: "They all exist: they are in this world. Pasternak is my neighbor . . . I don't know about Babel, and about Kirshon I won't say."

After the slobbering eulogies around Stalin's bier, there was a great silence in the Union of Soviet Writers. Then, almost two years later, under the weight of Ilya Ehrenburg's *The Thaw*, the ice broke. But no Writers' Union congress could revive the dead, nor could so many veteran sycophants make sense of their new function. Sensing change, Fadeyev handed down a new line, appealed for less "socialist realism." At the sensational 20th Party Congress last February, Novelist Mikhail Sholokhov (whose way of protesting the Stalinist regime had been to produce almost no creative work since he wrote *The Quiet Don* two decades ago) made an outright attack on Fadeyev, calling him a

CENTRAL AFRICA

The Bees

"Getting the bugs out" is standard procedure whenever anything as complex as a new airplane is delivered. The trouble with Central African Airways' brand-new Vickers Viscount prop-jet was that the bugs would not go. They were not, in fact, airplane-type bugs at all, but a swarm of 75,000 bees which came hiving out of nowhere soon after the plane landed in Salisbury, to take up happy residence in one of its wings. Central's mechanics scattered, and to replace them, the airline called in a local beekeeper, Jack Garrett. Blow smoke or gas into the wing, he advised. No, said the airline engineers: formic acid from the dead bees might hurt the metal or the rubber on the gas tanks.

A man from Durban thought that garlic might help. A Londoner suggested tying a horse under the wing. "Bees," he wrote, "don't like the smell of horses, but wrap him carefully so he won't get stung." A local housewife urged the airline to give the bees a good whiff of bruised lemon-tree leaves. C.A.A.'s chief pilot decided on more drastic action. Taking his place at the controls, he flew skyward to 17,000 ft., bumped, banked and looped—but when he got down again, the busy bees were still happily humming in the wing.

At week's end airline officials decided that there was nothing to do but wheel their brand-new plane into a hangar and take it apart.

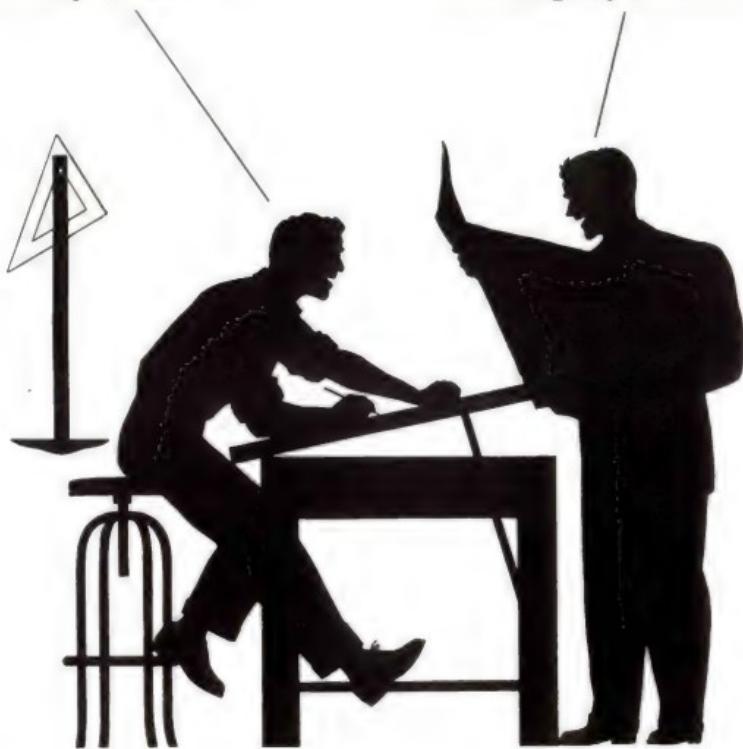
THAILAND

The Jolly Music Master

For years the propagandists of Peking and Formosa have fought a subsurface battle for the loyalties of Thailand's 3,000,000-odd Chinese. Even though the Communist Party is outlawed by the Thais, the victories mostly seemed to go to the Communists. Afraid of being caught on the wrong side, impressed by Red China's military powers, and on oc-

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casion intimidated by ominous warnings from the underground, Chinese oldsters in Thailand have been persuaded to be either cautiously close-mouthed or openly sympathetic to the Reds. The biggest victories of all have been won on the impressionable battleground of youthful minds.

Crowded together in Bangkok's cluttered slums, laboring for long hours each day in the city's markets, shops and factories, Thailand's young Chinese are eager for learning and enlightenment. They band together in hundreds of small groups to discuss art, literature, music and the world of ideas. Many a shrewd Communist has been able to plant his ideas in fertile soil. With the battle all but lost in this vital salient, Thailand's Chinese anti-Communists last month sent a call for help to Formosa. Their answer came in the form of a fat, jovial, 43-year-old music teacher named Chu Yung-ch'en.

An accomplished singer, composer and conductor, Chu had a special knack for getting along with the young. Soon after his arrival in Bangkok, they were flocking by the hundreds to listen to his lectures and to hear him play and sing. Chu extended his visitor's visa and took up more or less permanent residence at the leading Chinese anti-Communist headquarters.

One night a fortnight ago, after an exceptionally crowded meeting at the headquarters building, during which his young enthusiasts had kept him answering questions about musical theory until well after 11 p.m., Chu went upstairs to the small room he used as a bedchamber. A few hours later, a passer-by noticed flames spouting from the lower floors of the all but empty building. He raced to turn in an alarm, but by the time the firemen arrived the whole place was ablaze. Cut off from escape by the collapse of a wooden staircase, the visiting music professor was burned to death. Thai police could not prove that the building had been purposely set afire; in fact, the local Chinese community found in the event new reason for saying nothing at all.

SOUTH KOREA

Revolt at the Polls

After announcing that he would not seek a third term as President, South Korea's aging Strongman Syngman Rhee was at last persuaded to run "only by the clamor of the Korean people." He was confident of his popularity and of the efficiency of his machine. Chipper and jaunty at 81, he spent the final days of the campaign attending the movies and pointing out dirty spots on the new floors of his pet project, Seoul's plush \$5,000,000 Banda Hotel.

There was little reason to believe that Rhee would not repeat, or even better, his sweep of previous years. His chief rival, Democratic Party Candidate Patrick Henry Shinicky (Shin Ikhi), had died while campaigning (*TIME*, May 14). His only other challenger, ex-Communist Cho Bong Am, had gone into hiding, claiming to have received threats of as-

sassination. Of six candidates for the vice presidency, all had professed support of Rhee except John M. Chang, Shinicky's running mate. Rhee had confidently given his official backing to Lee Ki Poong, speaker of the National Assembly.

Bamboo Sticks. True, Rhee's opponents were more vociferous than ever before, and there were anti-Rhee riots in the cities. But that hardly seemed enough to upset Rhee's well-organized political machine. Anti-Rhee campaigners were harassed by strong-arm squads of government backers. And in towns and villages throughout South Korea, the republic's 48,000 police openly stumped for Rhee and Lee. What possibly could happen to dim Syngman Rhee's inevitable victory?

On election day, 94% of the more than 9,000,000 eligible voters trooped to South Korea's 6,342 polling places to mark their

rean Ambassador to Washington, U.S.-educated (Manhattan College) Chang thus became eligible to succeed Rhee in the event of his death. While the government and the Democratic Party squabbled over disputed votes, Chang prudently went into "protective" seclusion. Counting of ballots stopped abruptly in Taegu, and Rhee's opponents charged that he was trying to steal the election.

Defeat Accepted. Rhee's setback reflected South Korea's progressive dissatisfaction with inflation, government *sababa* (influence peddling), incompetent administration, police brutality and grinding poverty. Shocked and angered, Syngman Rhee at first kept silent about the results. Then at week's end, weary but resigned, he spoke: "I think Chang Myun has been elected," he said, and tension perceptibly eased.

Said Vice President-elect Chang: "A very wise move on his part, very timely. I think we'll get along all right. He's a very strong anti-Communist, and so am I. He's a Christian, and so am I."

INDIA

Mighty Theme

Prime Minister Nehru hopped spryly onto the rostrum of India's Parliament last week and waved a 641-page, blue-backed volume at the sea of faces before him. "This is the mighty theme of a nation building and remaking itself," he cried. "We had something worthwhile in our first Five-Year Plan and we made good to some extent. This second Five-Year Plan is the real beginning. We have to start from scratch."

Scratch is the word for it. India's vast country has 300 million illiterates, 80% of its population; in its 500,000 villages there are scarcely 250,000 schools. India has almost as many unemployed as the U.S. has jobholders (68 million)—and the number of job seekers rises by 2,000,000 every year. Yet in its first Five-Year Plan India managed to boost food output by 18%, to make itself (given good weather) largely self-sufficient for food. Across the Himalayas, where a rival drama of planned advance is being enacted, the totalitarian techniques of Chinese Communism can claim no such gains on the land.

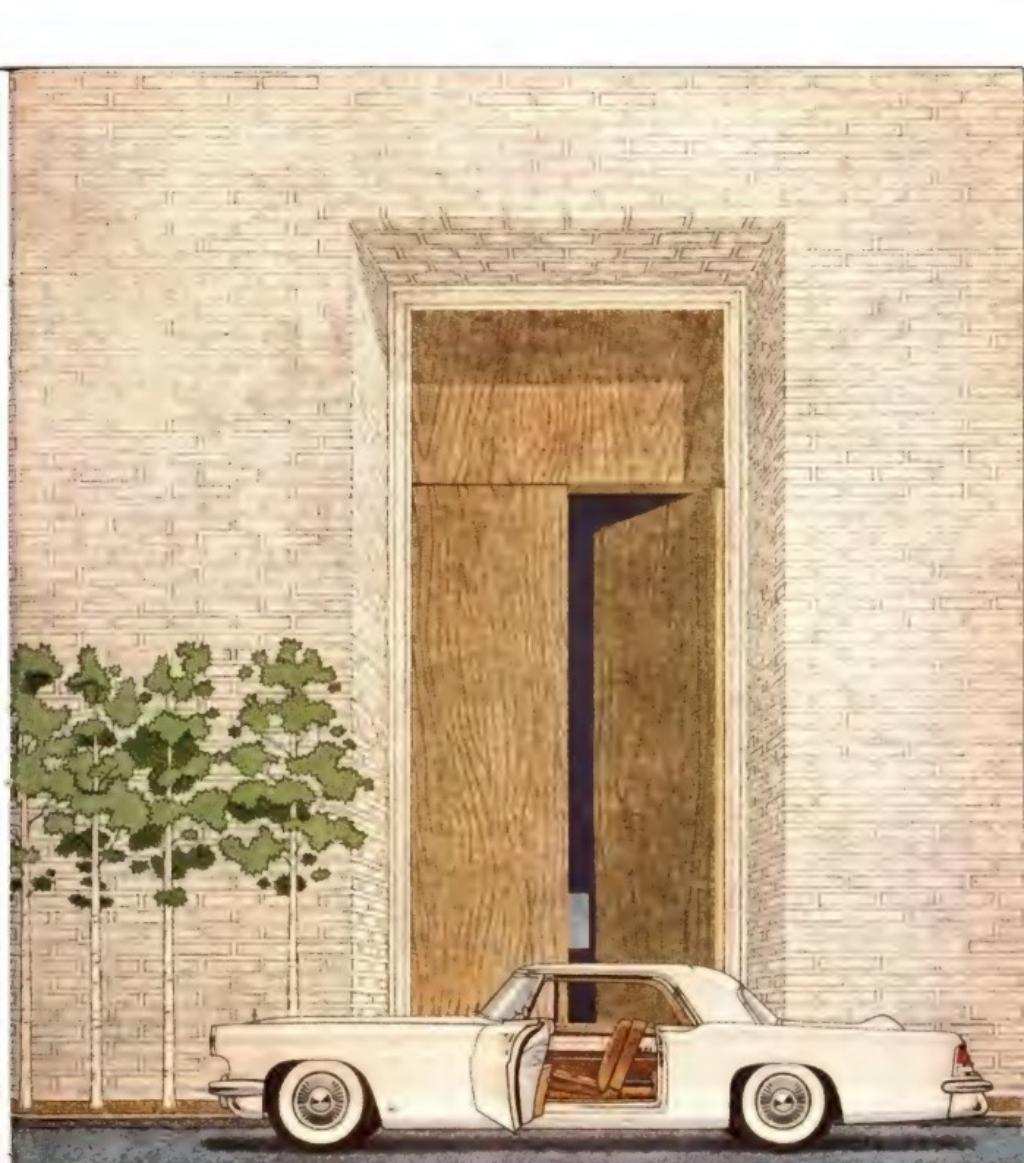
This time, doubling its planned outlay to \$15 billion, India is driving toward industrialization. The goals (trebling steel production, increasing aluminum output sevenfold) may seem extravagant, considering the financial means in sight (India must raise a whopping \$1.6 billion in overseas aid, more than three times the \$500 million the U.S. sent during the first plan); but nothing less will keep pace with the growth and hopes of India's population. Telling his followers that "it will take many five-year plans before we can bring about a Socialist society," Nehru realistically last week persuaded parliamentary hotheads to reject a measure which would clamp a \$5,000-a-year ceiling on income. "Socialism does not mean a dead level of poverty," he snapped.



CHANG MYUN
The boxes held a bitter secret.

ballots with inked bamboo sticks and drop them into large boxes resembling footlockers. The ballots had been printed before Shinicky's death, and still bore his name. There were few incidents and no certified cases of interference with the voters. By nightfall, the huge unpainted boxes began to give up their secret. It proved to be a bitter one for Syngman Rhee. In a revolt that spread through cities and villages alike, the people of South Korea had dealt Rhee and his government a stunning blow.

Rhee, of course, was re-elected, but by the lowest margin of his career—barely more than half the vote. The late P. H. Shinicky polled an extraordinary ghost vote of nearly 1,500,000. But the real surprise of the ballot box was the defeat of Rhee's hand-picked vice presidential candidate by Rhee's bitter foe, husky, affable, 56-year-old Chang Myun, who anglicizes his name as John M. Chang. A onetime friend of Rhee's and former Ko-



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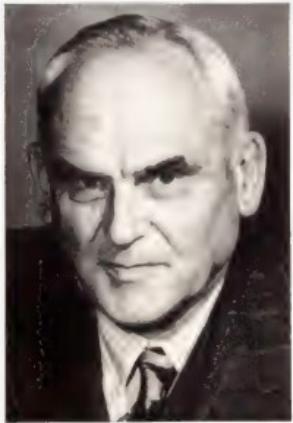


THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Confidence Shaken

Canada's durable and confident Liberal government was in deep political trouble last week, its confidence shaken, its durability in doubt. For the first time since their long term in power began in 1935, the Liberals were genuinely worried about the outcome of the next election. Practically every major newspaper in the country, Liberal and Tory alike, condemned them. Tory Leader George Drew and CCF (Socialist) Leader M. J. Coldwell openly dared them to call an election, and the challenge was weakly declined. Gloom had spread even to the Liberal Cabinet. Said



Maria Brinkleton—Capitol Press Service

TRADE MINISTER HOWE

With gas pipe and guillotine.

a top Liberal minister: "This could destroy the government."

Arrogant Closure. The issue that shook the Liberals was the government's measure to advance up to \$80 million to the U.S.-controlled Trans-Canada Pipe Lines, Ltd., to build a natural-gas pipeline from Alberta to eastern Canada (TIME, May 21). Not only was the loan itself unpopular, because of growing Canadian concern about U.S. investors' control of national resources, but the heavy-handed way in which the Liberals attempted to ram the measure through Parliament stirred up the entire country. As soon as Trade & Commerce Minister C. D. Howe introduced it to Parliament, he immediately announced that he would enforce closure of the debate within 48 hours.

Cries of "guillotine" and "dictatorship" rang through the chamber as Howe made his closure notice. It meant that all speeches were cut to 20 minutes and that the entire debate on the bill's first reading would be ruthlessly shut off at 1 o'clock the following morning. With angry argu-

ments over procedure, the opposition managed to prolong the debate until 4:42 a.m., but in the end the inevitable happened: the massive Liberal majority steamrolled the measure through, 156 to 55.

Forgive and Forget. In the Liberals' defense, Minister Howe claimed that the Trans-Canada firm, which was organized by Texas Oilman Clint Murchison, was the only one with the necessary pipe and equipment to begin building the long-delayed pipeline this year. Said Howe: "Nothing that can be said in this house can change those facts." The Tories demanded that the loan be made to a Canadian company and they ridiculed the government for lending tax money to a foreign firm. Said Tory Leader Drew: "Any such proposal before the Congress of the United States would be greeted with laughter that would be heard by the Americans on the D.E.W. line."

But Drew's and all other opposition objections were overruled. The Liberals now are desperate to get at least a part of the pipeline laid before they are forced to call an election next year. If necessary, they said, they will apply three more closure motions to speed the bill through its final stages, so that the pipe-laying can begin this summer. Once the pipeline is in operation, the Liberals hope that the voters will be in a mood to forgive and forget.

BRAZIL

Appeal for Confidence

The tired lines of three and a half months' hard work plain on his face, President Juscelino Kubitschek sat down at a polished oak table in Catete Palace behind a radio microphone one evening last week. He glanced down the table at the assembled members of his Cabinet, checked the time, then picked up a sheaf of papers and began to read what amounted to a nationwide appeal for patience and confidence. The slow, forceful voice was clearly heard and clearly understood. "This government took over with two main objectives: to fight inflation and to develop the country's resources fully."

Kubitschek's battle against inflation is still too recent to have achieved reportable results; the bulk of his speech dealt with development of resources. The President had bright news of Brazil's petroleum industry. In 1955, he recalled, the country produced 2,000,000 barrels of oil, enough for only ten days' use. This year the Bahia oilfields will pour out more than 5,500,000 barrels, enough to supply the country for a month (at the present rate of consumption). Next year production of 15 million barrels is expected. And, he announced, new exchange rates are being drawn up to encourage exports.

The President talked of new hydroelectric projects, highway construction and agriculture, then came to the main point of his talk. Faced with growing public uneasiness over inflation and opposition claims that he is little more than a pup-



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pet manipulated by War Minister Henrique Teixeira Lott (TIME, May 21). Kubitschek assured his countrymen that he had "enough authority, energy and fighting spirit to guarantee a full five-year term which will not fall into the abyss of government marked by precariousness and instability." Raising his voice, he added, "From the people I deserve confidence, and I ask that they wait for the results of my work . . . I shall not fail your trust nor disappoint your hopes."

First political reaction to Kubitschek's speech was a general agreement that his frankness had succeeded where flowery rhetoric would have failed. But the opposition soon served notice that it was in no mood for a moratorium on criticism. Editorialized the anti-Kubitschek daily *O Estado de São Paulo*: "The people still hope for better days. It would be good if those better days come soon, before despair has won the souls of all. Patience has its limits—and hope is not eternal."

ARGENTINA

Church & State Again

The familiar issue of church and state relationships, the immediate cause of Juan Perón's downfall, touched off rauous student demonstrations in Argentina last week.

At the heart of the dispute was the stubborn fact that President Pedro Aramburu's acts and attitudes toward the Roman Catholic Church pleased almost no one. The proclerical wing of Argentine opinion, which threw its considerable weight against Perón only after he had imprudently attacked the church, felt defrauded: Aramburu did not restore the church's prerogatives, such as religious education in public schools. So heated have ardent Roman Catholics become that one priest recently cried: "Never has there been such a rift between the church and the government as now!"

Anticlericals, many of whom opposed Perón during the long years of his good relations with the church, felt equally cheated: Aramburu's Education Minister was a noted Roman Catholic layman, Atilio Dell'Oro Maini. Dell'Oro proposed nothing more ominous than authorizing any group of citizens to organize a university—a right hitherto reserved to the state—but anticlericals professed to see in the move an opening for the Vatican to build Catholic universities that would dominate Argentine higher education. They demanded Dell'Oro's scalp.

With the approach of the new school term a fortnight ago, both sides decided to battle the issue out. Fiery, fight-happy students served as troops; they fought for the occupation of school buildings in Buenos Aires, La Plata, Rosario, Córdoba and other cities. Winning forces locked themselves inside. Other students, 6,000 strong, clashed and rioted in front of the presidential palace, using tear-gas bombs made by chemistry students as weapons. The weight of numbers favored the anticlericals. At length Aramburu accepted Dell'Oro's resignation (offered by tele-

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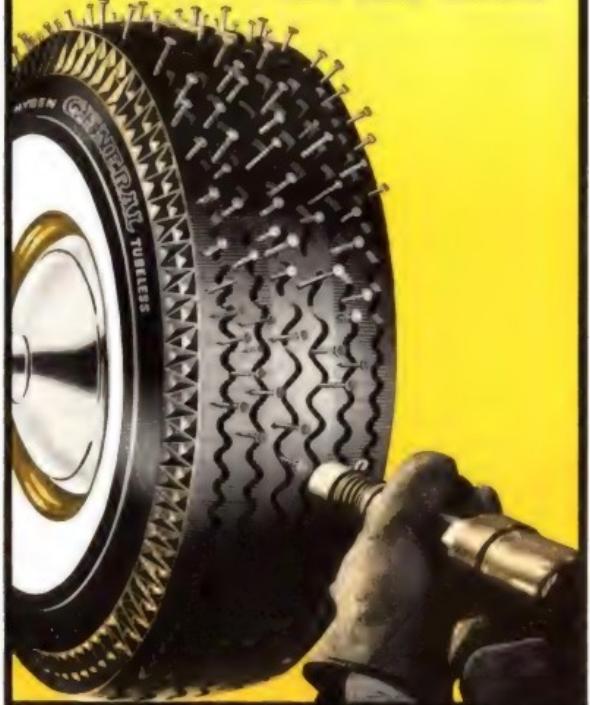
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TO MAKE FRIENDS

phone from Lima, where Dell'Oro had just been elected president of an inter-American conference of education ministers).

In replacement, Aramburu appointed Carlos Adrogue, a longtime anti-Peronista who tries to go down the middle of the road on the religious issue. Loud cries of Roman Catholic resentment at Dell'Oro's ousting suggested that the President had by no means settled the problem. But all Argentines took smiling satisfaction in the fact that opposing factions could dispute and demonstrate freely on a vital public issue without fear of Perón-style oppression. Even ex-Minister Dell'Oro said: "I'm proud of the free debates going on at this moment over this case."

COLOMBIA

Uprooting Protestantism

The uprooting of Protestant missions in Colombia, many of them U.S.-sponsored, goes steadily on. Missionary Juan de Jesús Varela reported last week that he had been haled before the military mayor of the village of Peque, and told that his services were a "mockery" to the Roman Catholic religion; he got 24 hours to get out of town. In little Tamalameque twelve Protestants were convicted of "holding services" and given a choice of \$4.20 fines or ten days in jail (they chose jail sentences but were not held strictly to them). In the jailless hamlet of Colorado, two missionaries were held in stocks overnight on the parish priest's charge that they had beaten and insulted him. The Division of Foreign Missions of the National Council of Churches reported last week in New York that in April alone, 30 churches were closed by government authorities.

Though Colombia's constitution guarantees religious freedom to "all cults that are not contrary to Christian morality," anti-Protestantism appears to be drawing increasing support from the alliance between the Catholic Church and the military government. President Gustavo Rojas Pinilla darkly links the Protestants with subversion. "International Communism," he said early this year, "understands that in order to fight successfully in Colombia, it must first destroy as much as possible our religious unity." The archbishop of Popayán, in a pastoral letter, frowned upon the "tenacious, deceitful and well-organized propaganda put out by apostles of the Protestant heresy among us."

Less fanatical Colombians, too, doubtless resent instances of aggressive missionary proselytizing in Colombia, which overwhelmingly professes Catholicism. But they also deplore closing the missions, because the missionaries run useful hospitals and schools. Last month in tiny Noanama, two Protestant nurses were prevented by civil authorities from treating a sick Protestant child. And the current Foreign Missions' report says that more than 200 Protestant schools have been closed in Colombia since 1948—to add to "46 church buildings destroyed by fire or dynamite" and "75 believers killed because of their religious faith."

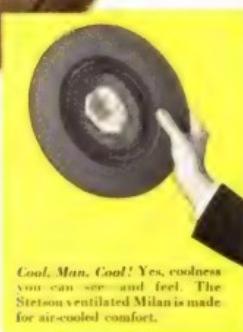
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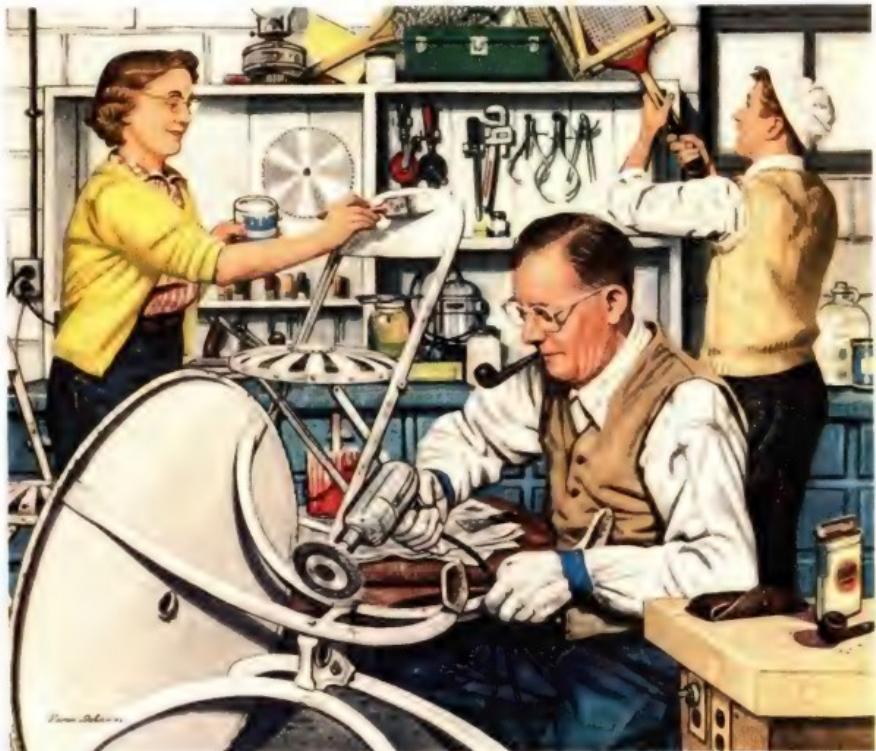
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SOUTHBEND MASSACHUSETTS

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

After making his way to a literary luncheon in Chicago, seam-side-of-life Novelist **Nelson** (*The Man with the Golden Arm*) **Algren** (see Books) deplored authors whose prissy works ignore "the back rooms and gutters." Resolutely sticking to his conviction that Skid Row makes the choicest book fodder, Chicago Slum Runner Algren heartily stabbed at two contemporary upper-middle-class protagonists: "If Marjorie Morningstar and The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit were being married on my front porch at high noon, I wouldn't go to the wedding."

Amidst bustling all about the U.S. and the Caribbean area last year, blithe-spirited British Playwright-Actor-Composer **Noel Coward** got homesick and visited Britain for eight weeks. High price of gratifying his nostalgia: \$70,000, the amount that Britain's revenuers collected from him because he had set foot on the tight little isle.* Last week, on his way to France by ocean liner, Expatiate Coward gazed fondly through a porthole when his ship put in at Plymouth. "Ah, this beautiful England!" sighed he. "One step on dear old England for me now and it's £5,000 gone hang." Then, heart heavy but his bank account no lighter, he sailed on to France.

At New York International Airport, Millionaire Sportsman **Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt**, legally separated from his wife Jeanne (TIME, May 21) and about to be

* A Briton avoiding the United Kingdom for an entire tax year may claim non-residence, thus win exemption from its income-tax levies



THE TRUMANS & POPE PIUS XII
Right at home in Rome.

separated, by his own decision, from most of his racing stable, looked carefree as he emplaned for Brussels and a convention of the World Veterans Federation. Flying with him was Disabled Veteran **Harold Russell**, one-time cinemactor (*The Best Years of Our Lives*) and an official of the World Veterans Fund headed by Vanderbilt, a wartime Navy lieutenant and PT-boat skipper.

Landing in France, Tourist **Harry S.** (for Swinomish) **Truman**, on his first trip to Europe since 1945 and Potsdam, was soon strolling the streets of Gay Paree, swinging his cane in best boulevard style, his jauntiness cramped only by a sprained ankle. Before leaving Independence, explained Truman, "I was getting some bags down the stairs and stumbled. But it was 7 o'clock in the morning, so nobody can accuse me of anything." He sipped coffee at the Café de la Paix, a favorite hangout for Artillery Captain Truman during leaves in World War I. After his short stop in Paris, he headed by train for Rome. Rolling through northern Italy, Democrat Truman grinned wryly at big regional election posters urging "Vote Republican!" Boisterously cheered with many a "Viva Truman!" at Rome's railroad station, he was hustled to a special VIP waiting room—so fast that **Bess Truman** got lost in the shuffle, gained entry only after some door pounding. Meeting newsmen, Baptist Truman told them that 1) he still favors appointment of a U.S. ambassador to the Vatican, 2) he'll believe Soviet disarmament (see FOREIGN NEWS) "when I see it," but 3) the U.S.S.R.'s Bulganin and Khrushchev would get a "cordial reception" if they visited the U.S.

On forays from Rome's Hassler Hotel (where the Trumans were lodged in the Eisenhower Suite), he saw the ancient sights, guided by TIME Inc.'s Editor in

Chief **Henry R. Luce**, filling in as host for ailing Ambassador to Italy **Clare Boothe Luce** (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). At week's end, Harry Truman in top hat and formal morning dress, went to the Vatican for a half-hour private audience with **Pope Pius XII**. What was discussed? Truman clammed up and smiled: "When I was President and a big shot came to call on me and told afterward what was said . . . he didn't get in any more." After a quick change to street clothing, the Trumans went to Sunday services at 77-year-old St. Paul's American Episcopal Church. This week, tireless tourist Truman was eager to be off for Venice, where heard he, "the streets are flooded, and I want to see this for myself!"

Keeping a date with the law, Manhattan Gambler **Frank Costello**, 65, turned himself over to a U.S. marshal to start serving a five-year stretch for evading \$28,532 in federal income taxes, was sent off to a detention jail to await his de-naturalization trial next month.

Heroic Sailor **Horatio Hornblower** is a durable fiction stalwart who has seized his own creator, Britain's Novelist **C. S. Forester**, and, ever bolstered by readers clamoring for more, will not let him go. In Britain's weekly *Spectator*, Author Forester last week disclosed the agony to which his hero has long subjected him. Excerpt from *Ballads to an Old Friend: I set Your Lordship in the House of Peers*— / But you have brought me many a quid pro quo / Because we've been together twenty years . . . Yet horrid Harry mawkish-matelet, Oh-noxious more, I think, to friend than foe, / Your very name exercutes my ears— / I hope you roast in hell, Horatio, / Because we've been together twenty years.



United Press
VETERANS RUSSELL & VANDERBILT
In a hustle to Brussels.

NEWS IN PICTURES

MEDICAL PROGRESS A Pictorial History

WHEN Otto Bettmann was 13 he gave his father, a Berlin surgeon and bibliophile, "A Pictorial History of Medicine" as a birthday present. It was a scrapbook compiled by the boy from clippings salvaged from his father's wastebasket. This month Otto Bettmann, 52, brought out a massive and informative *Pictorial History of Medicine* (Charles C. Thomas: \$9.50) containing, besides 100,000 words of illuminating text, some 1,000 items culled from the Bettmann Archive, which houses 10,000 pictures on medical topics from Anesthesia to Zymosis. The *Pictorial History*, covering the period from ancient Egypt to 1900, carries medicine through "the scarlet terror of epidemics, the white stillness of death, the grey fog of dark ages, and the golden brilliance of discovery." To bring the story up to date would take a second volume.



PULLEYS OF ARCHIMEDES were attached by doctors in ancient Alexandria to the Hippocratic ladder used in orthopedics—in this case, to set dislocated joints. Pulleys gave uniform traction.



SYPHILIS VICTIMS in the 16th-17th centuries were often subjected to 30 days in a bake-oven, heated by glowing, oft-replenished coals. In 1917 Psychiatrist Wagner-Jauregg found malarial fever useful in treating paretic syphilites.



INCLINED OPERATING TABLE in common use at the famed medical school in Salerno in the 12th century, foreshadowed development of the Trendelenburg position (now used in several operations) by a Leipzig surgeon in 1881.



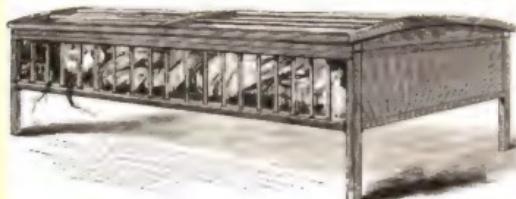
MEDICAL PIONEER Flemish-born André Veselus (better known as Vesalius) cut through medieval prejudice against dissection of the dead, sliced

through many ancient medical misconceptions. His great 1543 treatise on anatomy, *De humani corporis fabrica*, marked the beginning of modern medicine.



LAMB-TO-MAN blood transfusion was developed by daring French and British experimenters in the

1660s. If patient survived one transfusion, a second would surely kill him by violent antibody reaction.



FARADAY'S DISCOVERY of induced currents helped Guillaume Duchenne of Boulogne to trace and treat disorders of the brain and nervous system with electrodes on the head.

CRAMPED CONFINEMENT was the "treatment" for many "maniacs" as late as 1800. At other times they were beaten, doused in ice water or spun on Ferris-type wheels.

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MUSIC

Elite Composer

In the jungly world of music, there is a sort of composers' elite, whose members are deeply respected but relatively obscure. They are the composers who more often than not will be "discovered" by the public after they die, as was Bela Bartok. They get few performances because a) they write few works, b) they are constitutionally unsuited to the rigors of promoting performances, c) their music sounds forbiddingly difficult, and is twice as difficult to play. A member of this elite in good standing is Manhattan's Elliott Cook Carter,* who at 47, is just coming into his own: a recording of his *String Quartet* by the Walden Quartet is being released (by Columbia) in June; another of a suite from the music for his ballet *The Minotaur*, played by Howard Hanson and the Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra, has just been released (by Mercury); and the Louisville Orchestra this week recorded his imposing new *Variations for Orchestra*.

Skulking, Swirling, Staggering. Carter's works, old and new, are written uncompromisingly in the counterpoint of dissonance and paced by skulking, staggering, swirling rhythms. *The Minotaur* (1946) throws listeners into an unnerving, outworldish mood with its first heavy notes, seems to approach every sound with a fresh attitude as the music tumbles along. *The Quartet* (1951), though far less accommodating, manages to achieve a satisfying interplay of tension and repose while carrying a quadrigle at four different tempos simultaneously. High point is the slow movement, with a serene duo that floats calmly past the violent thrusts of the other two voices. The *Variations for Orchestra* (1955) is a big (35 minutes), brilliant work as rich in detail—but not so grotesque—as a Hieronymus Bosch painting.

Carter deliberately concentrates on originality instead of themes or ideas already proved. "You don't get any money from this profession anyway," he says in an assertive manner that conflicts with his shy appearance. "You might as well do things that amuse you. It takes me a long time to write a piece of music—anywhere from months to years—and simple ideas would bore me before I got through. Anyway, I want to invent something I haven't heard before."

Man Catches Fire. Composer Carter took on his musical studies comparatively late in life, after he became an English major at Harvard in 1926. Those were the years when Serge Koussevitzky was leading the Boston Symphony through the most radical new music, and Carter caught fire. His first major work was a ballet, *Pocahontas*, in an advanced idiom; then came a symphony, a piano sonata (written on a Guggenheim grant).

* Others: Roger Sessions, Leon Kirchner, Milton Babbitt, Andrew Imbrie.

choral works and chamber music. Today he has a backlog of commissions that will keep him busy for another year.

Chamber music has been Elliott Carter's most successful field so far. He tends to mistrust the musical stage because it depends on so many people (but he yet may write an opera), and his orchestral works take too many rehearsals to be much performed. Nevertheless, he has no inclination to write for quick success.



COMPOSER CARTER
Life after death.

As the only son of a well-to-do Manhattan lace importer, he inherited an income, and, in addition, he has made a pleasant discovery: "The music I like to write turns out to be the most popular anyway."

Withering Paradise?

In Stuttgart, U.S. Mezzo-Soprano Grace Hoffman was asked to sing Amneris in *Aida*, despite the fact that she had to sing in Italian while the rest of the cast sang in German. She wowed the crowd. In Amsterdam, U.S. Coloratura Soprano Marilyn Tyler accepted a rush call to sing Violetta in *La Traviata*, although she sang in unpopular German while the rest of the cast sang in Italian. After the first act, a year's contract was offered to her. In Munich, U.S. Tenor Howard Vandenburg arrived unannounced, auditioned and was hired on the spot. All over Europe, and especially in Germany, young American singers are singing for European audiences, hoping to follow in the paths of such Europe-polished Americans as Coloratura Mattiwilda Dobbs, Mezzo-Soprano Risë Stevens, Contralto Jean Madeira and Bass-Baritone George London to the roster of Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera.

Underworked Angels. Last week some 80 Americans were under contract to German opera companies, and others were singing in France, Italy and England. Some

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SOPRANO TYLER (AS VIOLETTA)
A place to fly.

of them, such as attractive Soprano Irene Callaway, who is making a success in Italy, arrived in Europe on Fulbright scholarships. Others got there by their own power, gladly took smaller salaries than they might earn at home for the satisfaction of treading the boards. "In the States," says Stuttgart's Mezzo Hoffman, "you can sing like an angel, but unless you get a break you can't find any place to sing. It's like being a bird and not being allowed to fly. Even at the Met, I'd sing two or three times a year. Here I sing two or three times a week."

The big influx began about three years ago because of complementary conditions in the U.S. and Germany. The U.S., unbombed and eating well, produced bumper postwar harvests of singers, but had few opera houses in which to employ them while Germany had rebuilt its 80 opera houses faster than it could replace their depleted ranks of singers. Americans flocked in, were often hired over Germans of comparable ability simply because of their healthy good-looks. German audiences, with their insatiable hunger for opera (Munich alone puts on more performances in a year than all major U.S. companies combined), showed no resentment.

Stars-to-be. But now the operatic paradise may be about to turn cold for Americans. Last week the German stage-artists union published an editorial demanding that opera hire German artists, at least when they are as good as the invaders. Echoed Bonn's *General-Anzeiger*: "After all, the foreign ladies do not stay here long. And we are not really a conservatory for the stars-to-be of the U.S.A."

Five Operas

Chances for professional opera singers in the U.S. may be slim (*see above*), but for students in springtime they blossom like daffodils. Last week three U.S. schools offered five modern operas, composed by

faculty members and a graduate student and staged by the schools' opera workshops. All of them were in a conservative idiom, ranging in style from Gilbert & Sullivan to Menotti. The five:

The Birthday of the Infanta, by Ron Nelson, 29, graduate student at Rochester's Eastman School of Music, and composer of promotional-film sound tracks. Following Oscar Wilde's story, a dwarf falls in love with a Spanish princess and persuades her to set up her throne in the forest. The scheme is frustrated by the captain of the guard, and tragedy closes in. The music reminded listeners of both Puccini and Menotti, and suggested that *Birthday* will have many happy returns.

The Ropé, by Louis Mennini, 35, Eastman faculty member and brother of Manhattan Composer Peter Mennini. The plot is based on a one-act play by Eugene O'Neill. An old miser dangles a moose from a barn rafter, hoping his son will hang himself. Instead, the son decides to torture the miser into revealing his money's hiding place. Composer Mennini spent a summer learning the ins and outs of opera composition at Tanglewood, and used his knowledge well. The rub was the music: it seemed too charmingly melodic for the gruesome plot.

Beyond Belief, by Thomas Canning, 45, Eastman faculty member and composer of lots of gay, light music. This one is a fantastic satire of the atomic age and all its perils. A group of grey professors discovers the "key to consciousness," which permits knowledge of the past and future. The problem complicated by young love, is whether to keep the discovery secret or turn it over to the authorities. Instrumentalists were seated in niches around the stage and played frothy music as the performers spoke and sang.

The Land Between the Rivers, by Indiana University's Associate Professor Carl Van Buskirk, 40. The story is adapted from a poem by Yale's Novelist-Professor Robert Penn Warren (*All the King's Men*). It tells of a roistering, 10th century innkeeper on the Cumberland River whose pleasure it is to lead travelers to his spring and then kill and rob them. His son escapes, returns in Act II (twelve years later) unrecognized, and allows himself to die under his father's hatchet. Composer Van Buskirk, who composed his score on piano and tape recorder, gave the orchestra a plaintive tuba-organ quality and the singers some striking dramatic climaxes.

Pantaloons, by Manhattan's Robert Ward, 30, assistant to the president of Juilliard School of Music. The plot, adapted from *He Who Gets Slapped* by Russian Symbolist Leonid Andreyev, concerns a disturbed fellow who joins a circus as a clown for deep-seated reasons of his own. Composer Ward's music resembles Mascagni's, with thick textures, sweeping strings and sweet harmonies, and thus *Pantaloons* has the makings of a successful theater piece. Unfortunately, the drama does not need, or benefit from, the addition of music.



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EDUCATION

O as in Condominium

Two years ago, when she was only eleven, pretty, brown-eyed Melody Sachko (rhymes with Natch, Joe) had plodded through to the finals of the annual Scripps-Howard National Spelling Bee. But that time, the Pittsburgh policeman's daughter tripped over *atelier* (she spelled it "ate-ha") and wound up in sixth place. Then Melody's mother, Natalie, took over. She drilled Melody over the dishwashing, left her little time for her favorite diversion: shooting pool in the basement. Thumbing through dictionaries, Natalie Sachko typed out some 25,000 words—each with its correct pronunciation and meaning—on individual slips of paper. She was determined that Melody would win next time.

In last year's district finals, Melody, a straight A student at Pittsburgh's Carrick Junior High, muffed *thrushes*, placed second. Natalie Sachko rolled up her sleeves and stepped up the training program, saw to it that Melody pored over the word slips for at least an hour each night, upped it to three hours as the Bee buzzed nearer.

Co as in Deciduous When the Big Test came in Washington's Commerce Department auditorium one day last week, Melody felt that she was as ready as she would ever be. But so did 62 other crack young (aged 12-14) spellers, the pick of some 5,000,000 school kids from all over the U.S. And for the first time in Bee history, the boys outnumbered the girls, 34 to 29.

Most of the first words were wieldy enough, at least to Melody: *conductor*, *scientist*, *julep*. Almost as fast as Pronouncer Benson S. Alleman rolled them off his 670-word list, they were shot back, letter-perfect, in Southern drawls, crisp New England accents or Midwestern twangs. Then one boy spelled *ardent* with an *a*, and a 14-year-old girl had the same



WINNER SACHKO
Mother knew best.

trouble with *lavender*, ending with *ar*. Another victim spelled *conscientious* with a *c* instead of *t*. Clyde W. Dawson, 13, of New Mexico, tacked an *s* to the end of *incoherence*, and in a real gone voice groaned: "Oh-oh, I goofed!"

As the new horrors (*suzerainty*, *baccivorous*, *ichthyology*) flew at her, Melody said a few silent prayers. Once she thought she was a goner: Does *deciduous* begin with *des* or *dee*? Haltingly, she guessed right. But the Bee took its toll: founder on *deflade*, 13-year-old Cynthia Kersten of Cleveland wept.

Unlucky Round No. 13 started off ominously (*mnemonic*, *bifurcation*) but was the first perfect round of the day. The

next round whittled down the boys' ranks by a whopping six. Melody spelled each word to herself, working up her confidence as, one by one, the others fell by the way.

I as in *Cretinous*. By Round No. 23, Melody was holding her ground with only two other girls. Then *cretinous* was spelled with an *e*, and there was only one obstacle left between her and the \$1,000 prize: plump, 13-year-old Sandra Owen of the Sugar Creek Township School at Justus, Ohio. Wilting under mounting pressure, Sandra took off her jacket for the final bout. "*Aflatus*," fired Pronouncer Alleman, and explained its meaning (an inspiration). "*A-f-*" Sandra hesitated, then tried writing it out on the stage with her right toe—"f-l-i-t-o-u-s." Ping went the punch bell. Melody got that one right, but she still had one more to go. She began impassively: "*C-o-n-d-o-*" (pause), confidently rattled off the rest: "*M-I-N-I-U-M*." Delighted rent the auditorium as Pronouncer Alleman reached to congratulate the Bee's 29th champion.

Sitting in the second row, Natalie Sachko beamed with satisfaction at her daughter's victory. And what would Melody do with the \$1,000 prize? Give 10% to her church, St. John the Baptist Ukrainian Catholic Church, put the balance away for a college education (her preference: University of Pittsburgh). Why did the outnumbered girls lick the boys? Said Melody: "Boys don't concentrate as much as girls."

Spanish Cutlets à la Mode

The brains in Spain stay mainly on the plain of honorable cheating in the universities. Cheating on exams, nearly universal there, becomes dishonorable only when the cheater gets caught. Few realized how great a premium this risk placed on student ingenuity; however, until last month, when waggish José Antonio Suárez, the students' cultural-activities boss at the University of Barcelona, organized a public exhibition of *chuletas*. A *chuleta* (literally, cutlet) is academic slang for a crib note or, by extension, any cribbing device. Opposed by the University of Barcelona's brats, Suárez went ahead on his own. He proposed anonymity and return of *chuletas* to all exhibitors.

A Work of Handicraft. Divided into classical and modern sections, the show opened with 25 exhibits, drew hordes of admiring students and scores of professors who were torn by mixed emotions. In Suárez's opinion, the modern section was a bit of a flop: "A *chuleta*, to be worthy, must bear the imprint of the student's personality and be a work of Spanish handicraft."

The classical section was the eye-opener; it proved a smash hit and carried the show for a month-long run. Some crib notes were submitted attached to all manner of haberdashery and footwear (usually pasted on insteps). But first prize went to a crib note running on tiny rollers, all concealed in a matchbox equipped with apertures for covert reading. Second prize: an inch-square scrap of onionskin paper bearing complete summaries, in three

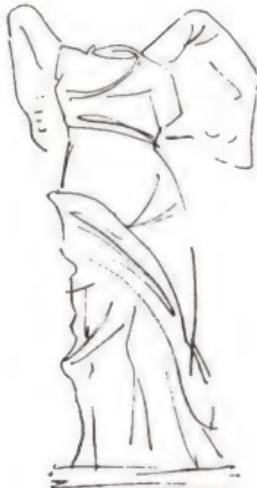


EXAMINATION TIME IN BARCELONA
The brains in Spain stay mainly on the plain . . .

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colors of ink, of three subjects. Third prize: an innocuous-looking chunk of rock crystal, ostensibly a paperweight, actually, when viewed from the proper angle, a powerful magnifier of a series of chemical formulas.

Situation Normal. Emboldened by such an open airing of clever *chuletas*, some professors, far from trying to bury them, praised them. To Dr. José María Pi y Sufer, dean of the University of Barcelona's law school, a good *chuleta* is the mark of an alert student who has pored long and well over his lessons. Citing the exceptional case of a deaf student whose answers were perfect in an oral examination on canon law, Dean Sufer recalls that months later he learned that the lad's ears were as excellent as the grade he got. His hearing aid was actually a *chuleta*, a two-way phone with a wire running from the student to the back of the large classroom, where an accomplice armed with a canon-law textbook, dictated flawless responses directly into the examinee's ear. Said Dr. Pi y Sufer: "If I had realized he was cheating at that time, I would have given him a double A. The fellow will go far!"

This week, all over Spain, most university students were busily cheating on their final exams. Reported a Madrid university professor serenely: The *chuleta* situation is "normal." Azrcing, Barcelona's Jose Suárez explained: "Passing an exam on the honor system would make the whole matter serious. How could one cheat after being honor-bound not to? It's better to be supervised. Then it's our wits against theirs."

Report Card

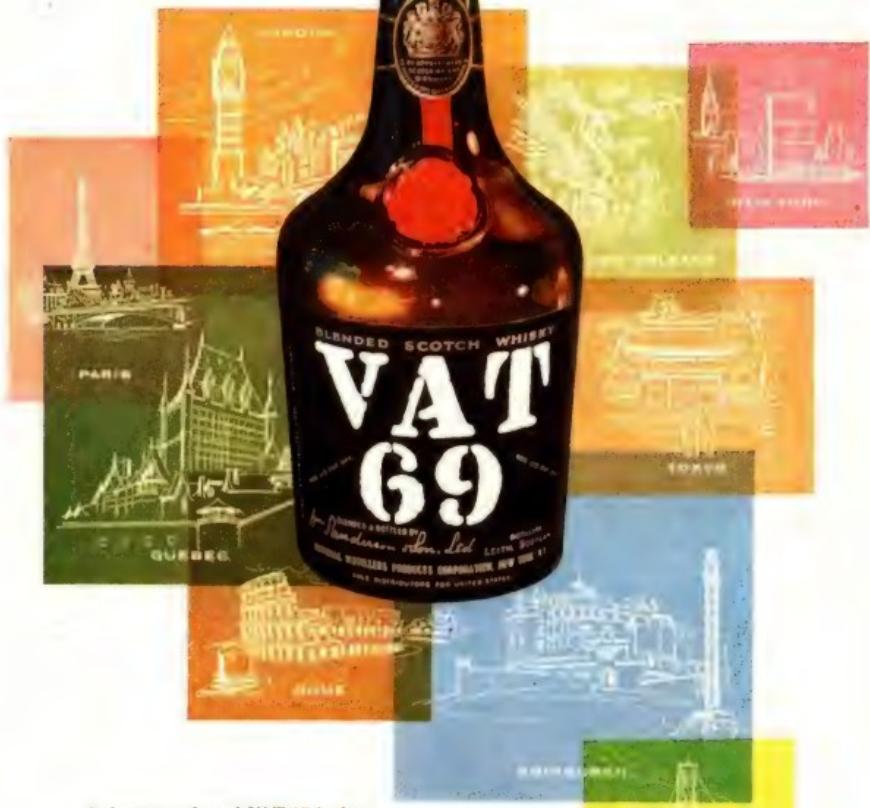
¶ The Federal Republic of Germany has established 60 special scholarships for U.S. graduate students in gratitude for U.S. postwar help. The scholarships, which include tuition and round-trip travel, may apply to any institution of higher education in West Germany or West Berlin. Prerequisite: a knowledge of German.

¶ After waiting 3½ months for their pay the 23 schoolteachers of Avoca, Pa. (pop. 4,000) went on strike, gave 508 students an unscheduled holiday.

¶ In Detroit, Air Force Chief of Staff General Nathan F. Twining suggested a method for meeting the critical shortage of high-school science and math teachers: "Within the Air Force are thousands of technically trained men who could teach high-school science subjects . . . Naturally, this is a voluntary program both for the schools and for our men. We see this as one way to help until the current teacher shortage is remedied."

¶ Richard A. Kane, 22, a senior graduating this June from M.I.T., has set up an annual scholarship to be paid for from his own earnings. Next fall Kane starts work as a physics instructor at Detroit's Wayne University, will also be employed this summer at the General Motors Technical Center. His total salary—\$8,000—is more than Kane thinks he will need, so he is assigning \$1,200 yearly to his scholarship fund.

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SCIENCE

One Big Greenhouse

Since the start of the industrial revolution, mankind has been burning fossil fuel (coal, oil, etc.) and adding its carbon to the atmosphere as carbon dioxide. In 50 years or so this process, says Director Roger Revelle of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, may have a violent effect on the earth's climate.

Tons of CO₂. The temperature of the earth's surface depends largely on two minor constituents of the atmosphere: water vapor and carbon dioxide. They are transparent to the short-wave energy (light and near infra-red) that comes from the sun, but opaque to most of the long-wave heat radiation that tries to return to space. This "greenhouse effect" traps heat and makes the earth's surface considerably warmer than it would be if the atmosphere had no water vapor or carbon dioxide in it. An increase in either constituent would make it warmer still. Warm eras in the geological past may have been caused by CO₂ from volcanoes.

At present the atmosphere contains 2.35 trillion tons of carbon dioxide, existing in equilibrium with living plants and sea water (which tends to dissolve it). Up to 1860, man's fires added only about 500 million tons per year, and the atmosphere had no trouble in getting rid of this small amount. But each year more furnaces and engines poured CO₂ into the atmosphere. In 1900, the amount was 3 billion tons. By 1950, it was 9 billion tons. By 2010, if present trends continue, 47 billion tons of carbon dioxide will enter the air each year.

This will be only 2% of the total carbon dioxide, but if it is more than can be dissolved by the oceans or absorbed by plants or minerals, the concentration of CO₂ in the atmosphere will tend to increase. The greenhouse effect will be intensified. Some scientists believe that this is the cause of recent warming of the earth's climate. Dr. Revelle has his doubts.

Chain of Effects. In the future, if the blanket of CO₂ produces a temperature rise of only one or two degrees, a chain of secondary effects may come into play. As the air gets warmer, sea water will get warmer too, and CO₂ dissolved in it will return to the atmosphere. More water will evaporate from the warm ocean, and this will increase the greenhouse effect of the CO₂. Each effect will reinforce the other, possibly raising the temperature enough to melt the icecaps of Antarctica and Greenland, which would flood the earth's coastal lands.

Dr. Revelle has not reached the stage of warning against this catastrophe, but he and other geophysicists intend to keep watching and recording. During the International Geophysical Year (1957-58), teams of scientists will take inventory of the earth's CO₂ and observe how it shifts between air and sea. They will try to find out whether the CO₂ blanket has been growing thicker, and what the effect has

been. When all their data have been studied, they may be able to predict whether man's factory chimneys and auto exhausts will eventually cause salt water to flow in the streets of New York and London.

The Burgeoning Earth

What can the world expect during the next century as its population increases and its resources diminish? Last week in Manhattan three Caltech experts, Geochemist Harrison Brown, Biologist James F. Bonner and Psychologist John R. Weir, who have been studying this problem as a team, were optimistic—with qualifications.

They agreed that the world's population, now 2.6 billion, will continue to increase, reaching about 6.5 billion in 100



Martha Holmes

CALTECH'S BONNER, BROWN & WEIR
For food and fuel, rocks and sea-pigs.

years. Industrialism will spread to underdeveloped areas. Both these trends will put tremendous strain on supplies of mineral raw materials.

Mine the Rock. Fortunately, Dr. Brown says, ore deposits get bigger as they fall in grade. Clay, which is everywhere, is a low-grade aluminum ore, and sulphur can be extracted from plentiful calcium sulphate (gypsum). Even ordinary rocks can be processed for their minerals. One hundred tons of an average igneous rock, e.g., granite, contain eight tons of aluminum, five tons of iron, 1,200 lbs. of titanium, 180 lbs. of manganese, 70 lbs. of chromium, etc. Dr. Brown believes that the time may come when rock is refined into 20 or 30 products. Rock reserves will last indefinitely, and only energy will be needed to exploit them.

But what about energy? Some authorities believe that a world population of 3 billion living at the "American level" would exhaust accessible deposits of fossil fuel in 25 years. Atomic energy, however, is inexhaustible. After all rich uranium ores are gone, the same granite that is processed for metals will supply uranium and thorium for atomic energy. Each ton of average granite contains as much energy as 50 tons of coal.

Biologist Bonner took a hard, imagina-

tive look at the world's future food supply. He points out that if all the carbon produced on earth by land plants (16 billion tons a year) were in edible form, it would feed 40 times the present human population; the carbon from cultivated lands alone is ten times as much as is needed. A large part of it is inedible stems, leaves, etc., and another large part is wasted by domestic animals or consumed by insects and other pests, but Dr. Bonner believes that with effort more of it could be made available.

The U.S. is not likely to have much food trouble. Allowing for a reasonable improvement in agricultural methods, U.S. land can feed 400 million. The people will still eat well, but will not get quite as much meat. Most of the rest of the world will not fare as well, but Dr. Bonner believes that if all potentially arable land is cultivated intensively but still con-

ventionally, about 7.6 billion people can have a passable diet.

Water the Desert. Dr. Bonner does not think much of chemical synthesis of food or growing algae in nutrient solutions. Much more promising, he believes, is the irrigation of the world's deserts by freshened sea water. Such agriculture will be expensive, but it can be done if the need is great enough. Another potential resource is the ocean. Wild fish will never be a really large source of food, and the microscopic vegetation of the sea is too dilute for easy harvesting. But Dr. Bonner thinks that some algae-eating animal (a "sea-pig") may be domesticated or developed to graze on sea water as cattle graze on grass. His conclusion is that there is no practical limit to the amount of food that the world can produce.

Both Brown and Bonner qualify their optimism by pointing out the enormous amount of research, development and construction that must be invested in each new method of winning energy, minerals or food. To accomplish these things, says Psychologist Weir, the world will have to have peace, and free communication. It will also need more and better-trained scientists and engineers, for the future of the crowded earth will be determined by the quality of its technology.

SPORT



The Whole Story of Pitching (See Cover)

Moved one day by intimations of mortality, that hilious philosopher, W. C. Fields, looked back on his arid boyhood home and chose his modest alternative to death: "On the whole, I'd rather be in Philadelphia."

The 20th century's beneficiaries of William Penn's "Holy Experiment" in "Virtue, Liberty and Independence" might even share this sentiment. A sip of their chlorine-loaded tap water and they understand why Fields shunned the liquid all his life; a trip downtown and they know why he hated the city's narrow, crosshatched streets. A baseball park should be a place to get away from all this, but these days even a trip to Connie Mack Stadium is seldom a pleasure. The Philadelphia Phillies, now the only major-league team in town, are stumbling through their 1956 schedule with all the grace of corporation lawyers cutting up at a church picnic.

Yet Philadelphia's tiny army of baseball fans can still look the world in the eye. The Phillies may not add up to much of a team, but for the moment it is more than enough that they boast the best pitcher in baseball. This season, as for many a long summer, Philadelphia's oft-punctured pride rides high on the strong right arm of a visiting Middle Westerner named Robin Evan Roberts.

The muscular (6 ft. 1 in., 190 lbs.), 29-year-old fugitive from the chores on an Illinois farm is almost too good to be true. Ever since he came up to the Phillies in 1948 after two brief months in the bush leagues, he has plodded out to take his pitching turn with every-fourth-day regularity. Dedicated to the old-fashioned notion that he is getting paid for throwing the ball over the plate, and not for demonstrating some trick delivery or practicing some offbeat vaudeville act for the TV cameras, Roberts has performed his job with an efficiency deadly to 1) opponents and 2) baseball records. In his third major-league season he won 20 games—a record no other Philly had even flirted with since the hard-drinking days of the late great Grover Cleveland Alexander. Now, six years later, he has yet to fall back below the 20-game mark.[†] No major-leaguer has done so well since the days (1925-33) of the Philadelphia Athletics' Lefty Grove.[†]

Aside from 1950, when he pitched the Phillies to the National League pennant, Roberts has been playing for a club that has never wound up better than third. But over the years he has started, finished and won more games than any

[†] The total: 1950, won 20 and lost 6; 1951-52, won and lost 19; 1953-54, 19-13; 1955-56, 19-13; 1957, 19-13; 1958, 20-13; 1959, 20-13; 1960, 20-13.

[‡] Only a handful have ever won 20 or more games for more consecutive seasons. Christy Mathewson (1), Walter Johnson, 10; Lefty Grove, 7; and dominating some 19th century seasons: Cy Young, 11.

other active major-league pitcher. And always, even losing, he has found the plate with such grim routine that in an astonishing total of 2,272 innings of big-league ball, he has been charged with only 500 walks (less than two a game), has made only 19 wild pitches, hit only 28 batters. He has thrown 1,170 strikeouts.

Dismal & Decent. For a while, such heady success seemed too rich for Philadelphia's blood. The monumental indifference that was ultimately to run Connie Mack's old Athletics all the way to Kansas City was far from dissolved by Roberts' effortless and somehow unexciting pitching. And if winning ball games was not enough, off the field the young man was about as colorful as the third fellow from the end in the class picture. The few real fans in town felt like Huck Finn trying to warm up to the Widow Douglas: "It was rough . . . considering how dismal regular and decent the widow was in all her ways." Robin Roberts was an earnest young man interested only in giving the enemy its lumps, while the fans, as one of them explains it today, were looking for a player "who can give us lumps in the throat."

Unfortunately the rest of the team also cried out for color. There are men who still insist that Owner Bob Carpenter was desperately hoping to find some headline-catching shenanigans when he hired a private eye to shadow some of his players two years ago. At any rate Millionaire Sportsman Carpenter learned nothing that he has not known for years: all his money has yet to buy him a polished team.

Still, in the 1956 Phillies the nucleus is there. Behind the plate, crafty Veteran Andy Seminick makes up in pure baseball savvy what he lacks in hitting; Granny Hamner at shortstop is a real pro; Richie Ashburn and Del Ennis belong in any man's outfield. As for pitchers, though, unless Southpaw Curt Simmons gets back his "bonus baby" form and until the trade for the Cardinals' Harvey Haddix pays off, Robin Roberts is the Phillies' only reliable performer.

The Philadelphia fans have learned to appreciate him, and now they understand what his opponents mean when they call Righthander Roberts an old-fashioned pitcher. He never bothers with fancy stuff but makes do with what he has: a dinky curve, a sneaky but unspectacular fast ball, and a frustrating change of pace. He offers no single dramatic talent—he has no counterpart of Carl Hubbell's spectacular screwball, Walter Johnson's terrifying fast ball, Bobby Feller's strikeout touch. Pitch for pitch, many of his contemporaries have what the trade calls "more stuff," pitches that are harder, faster, or trickier. But better than any of them now on the mound, Robin Roberts can put the ball where he wants. There is one precious diamond word for him—control.

Ball on Ice. In this era of short fences and hopped-up baseballs, Roberts' achievements are not easily come by. Managers flail their signals from the bench and

teammates bawl their encouragement. But pitching is a loner's art. Once a man places his forefoot on the white rubber slab and takes aim at the plate 60 ft. 6 in. away, he is on his own. Only his craft and strength can whip the ball safely past the waiting batter.

Time was when pitchers got a better break. Before Babe Ruth taught club owners that home runs and high-hitting games mean cash customers, the game was played with a dead ball. Often when a home team took the field for the first time, they used a "refrigerator" ball, carefully chilled in the clubhouse icebox to make it even deader. There was no rule against spitballs, so with a cud of chewing tobacco or a wad of slippery elm, a clever man could keep the ball hopping all afternoon. After roughing up one side of the ball, pitchers used to shine the other side

Play It Mean. Today occasional pitchers may still get away with an occasional outlawed spitter, but that dangerous pitch has all but vanished. Just about the only survival from baseball's rowdy youth is the "accidental" beanball, the close pitch that keeps a batter honest by forcing him back from the plate, that keeps him from taking a toe-hold and getting set to power the ball. If the Phillies' Coach Whitlow Wyatt, who learned his baseball manners as one of Leo Durocher's Dodgers, had his way, Philly pitchers would put the brush-back pitch to constant use. "I think you ought to play it mean," says Whit. "like Durocher did. They ought to hate you on the field." Pitcher Roberts does not fill Coach Wyatt's prescription. "He won't knock down a batter," complains the coach. "Says it don't do him any good, doesn't help him any. Well, it sure



ROBERTS SLIDING HOME WITH TYING RUN
Low and away or high and tight with the curve below the belt.

Ike Vera

on a part of their uniform heavily dosed with paraffin. Thus-treated, the ball would really dance.

Unlike modern games, where dozens of new balls are used in nine innings, the games of the memorable days of Cy Young and Rube Waddell, Rube Marquard and Jeff Tesreau and Ed Cicotte used the same ball inning after inning. Batters pounded at it until it was brown and hard to see, pitchers doctored its hide: everything was stacked against the hitter (everything, that is, except for the occasional inspirations of such oldtimers as the pre-World War I Phillies' Otto Knabe and Mike Doolan, who once broke up a game with the Giants by swabbing the ball with capsicum salve, an irritant that sent Spithaller Jeff Tesreau to the showers with painfully swollen lips after only three innings).

helped me. Hell, if it was my own brother. I'd knock him down as soon as I would anyone else. It's my meat and bread he's trying to take away."

In his stubborn refusal to toss beanballs, Roberts resembles the late great Walter Johnson of the lackluster Washington Senators. The "Big Train" was a self-confident competitor who occasionally went so far as to serve up fat ones to batters suffering from nerve-racking slumps. But throwing at a batter was unthinkable. Johnson never even waited for umpires to discard scuffed balls; as soon as he saw one he tossed it aside, for fear it might force him to throw his fast one wild and injure the man at the plate.

Even an intentional walk is alien to Robin Roberts' kind of pitching. He plays the percentages, counts on his control to put the ball where the batter can hit it.



Culver
PHILADELPHIA'S GROVER ALEXANDER
Out of the icebox.

but not safely. "Take a .333 hitter," says the Phillies' Coach Wally Moses. "Well, he's only going to get a hit once out of three times. Take Willie Mays: he comes up about 500 times a season, and he hits 50 homers. Hell, that's only one in ten. It'd be silly to walk him. Well, Roberts figures those are pretty good odds."

The odds would be even better if Roberts were willing to throw a few close ones to keep hitters loose. But his opponents know that he won't, so they occasionally scrounge off him. They step into the batter's box with complete confidence that he will put the ball near the plate ("The inclination is just to say 'Strike! Strike!' says Umpire Jocko Conlon. "He's so close you gotta watch him like an eagle.") If the hitters happen to be hot, they can dig in and hammer him unmercifully. This refusal to throw anywhere but over the plate has earned him at least one unavoidable record: last year he allowed 41 home runs, a major-league mark.

Dainty Switch. A calm man, Roberts recovers quickly from even the most awesome shellfire. This season, after winning his first three games, he was beaten in the next three, knocked out of the box twice. Another pitcher might have wondered whether that inevitable slide down had begun. Not Roberts. One night last week, with his cool and easy motion on the mound and his reckless behavior on the base paths, he beat the league-leading Milwaukee Braves almost singlehandedly, 2-1. He struck out ten men, allowed only eight hits, tore home from second on an eighth-inning infield single, slid head first into big Del Crandall at the plate, jarred the catcher loose from the ball and scored the run that tied up the game. When Roberts took his turn again, four days later, the red-hot slingers of the Cincinnati Redlegs sighted in on his polite pitching and beat him handily, 5-1. There was never a sign of wildness; it was just

one of the days when the percentages ran against him.

Such hell-hent base running—something of a rarity among pampered pitchers who figure that their only work waits for them on the mound—is typical of Roberts' attitude toward baseball. He loves every minute of the game. He is a better-than-average fielder, can knock down the line drives that whistle back from the batter's box, moves fast and surely to field bunts. Despite his dainty, mincing style at the plate, he is a competent (.250) switch-hitter. "I'm happy as can be out there," he says. "I enjoy all of it—fielding and swinging at bat and all that stuff. If you enjoy baseball and are out there playing when you're a kid, you can become all-round."

He Could've Done Worse. Robin Roberts began the rounding-off process early. By the time he was seven he was nourishing a well-developed dislike for his allotted chores on the Roberts farm near Springfield, Ill.; everything came second to learning how to play games—basketball, baseball, anything at all. "He never had a ball out of his hand," his mother Sarah Roberts remembers. "Ah well," says his proud Welsh father Tom. "He could've done a lot worse."

But at the time young Robin's gold-bricking held less appeal to a man who had come up the hard way from the back-breaking labor and pocket-pinching strikes of a Lancashire coal mine. Father Roberts recalls his barely controlled anger the day Robin deliberately broke a hoe to avoid work. The outraged father took a fly swatter to his son's well-padded bottom ("It don't hurt your hand and it don't mark the kid"). But Robin went right on playing. When he couldn't talk one of his three brothers into playing catch, he propped an old mattress against the garage door and fire away for hours at a hole in the middle. All the while, the braying porch radio kept him up to date on Chicago Cubs ball games. "If people knew what I thought about pitching," says Roberts now, "they'd think I was nuts. They make it so complicated. They're always saying I studied control from the time I was a little kid. That's silly. It's just that it's tough to play catch when nobody's around. I threw to that mattress for fun. I never thought about control at all. It just never entered my mind that the purpose of pitching wasn't to get the ball over the plate."

Impartially athletic, Robin switched to basketball with the season. When his mother would try to get him to do some work around the place, he would put her off: "Naw, Mom, I'm a ballplayer. You just wait till I get into the major leagues. Then I'll build you a house." Even Tom Roberts came to respect his son's determination. "You just had to go along," he says today. "He wouldn't do nuttin' else."

Will to Win. On the way to bigger things, Robin stopped off at Springfield and Lanphier High Schools, where he pitched and played third, was a competent end on the football team and a promising shotputter. When he went to

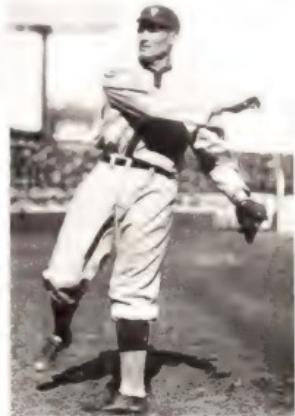
Michigan State in the fall of 1944, he was good enough to earn a basketball scholarship the next year. (He majored in physical education, graduated in 1948 with a B.S. degree.)

When Roberts tried out for the State baseball team, his hitting was too weak for an infelder, so he asked Coach John Kohs for a chance to pitch. "I liked his motion," says Kohs. "He threw it someplace around where the catcher held his glove, and that made sense."

An unspectacular success as a college pitcher, Roberts got his big break when the University of Michigan's baseball coach Ray Fisher took him to New England in the summer of 1946 to play in the old Northern League. Roberts balked often out of sheer awkwardness, fell down fielding bunts, was so eager he threw before he got the catcher's sign. But Fisher saw things worth working on—a tireless arm, an indomitable will to win. An ex-major-leaguer (with the New York Yankees and Cincinnati), Fisher put the finishing touches on the boy.

Fisher did so well that by the end of his second season in New England, Roberts had excited the scouts of half a dozen big-league clubs. The St. Louis Browns offered him \$225 a month to play Class B ball. A few days later the Phillies offered him \$10,000. Roberts hesitated and the Phillies raised the ante to \$15,000, then to \$25,000. Roberts signed. "I would've signed for \$2,500," he admits now, "only they didn't know it. When they got up to \$25,000, I knew I was going to be able to buy a pretty good house for Mom, so I said yes. She really got a belt out of that house."

"They Won't Tell Me Anything." Now, nine successful years away from those awkward summers in Vermont, Robin Roberts still turns for help to the man who polished him up for the Phillies. Last fall Roberts surprised his old coach by



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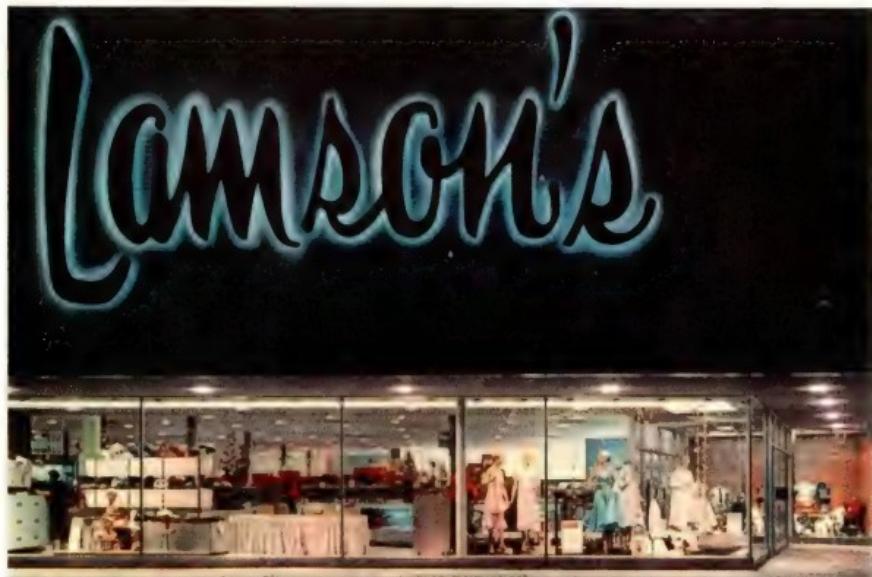
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**LIBBEY
OWENS
FORD**

stopping off in Ann Arbor and asking permission to work out with the Michigan pitchers. Puzzled, Fisher said, "Sure." He watched Roberts throw a few. Fisher saw right away that the familiar three-quarters motion had been replaced by a side-arm delivery; Roberts was unconsciously favoring a sore arm. Fisher walked over. "Robby," he said, "you've changed your delivery, haven't you?" Roberts smiled with relief. "That's what I wanted to know," he said. "You know, in Philadelphia I'm Robin Roberts, and they won't tell me anything."

Roberts' first season with the Phillies earned him an unexciting record (seven won, nine lost), but it also earned him the confidence of his manager and teammates. And it convinced him that he had been right all along: baseball was all he wanted out of life. The small kid who had cried over lost basketball games took naturally to the habits of grown men who sat around and brooded morose and silent after a defeat on the diamond. Like all baseballers before and since Ring Lardner's busher, he learned the tired routine for killing time on the road, "the one bad thing about baseball," says he. He went to every movie in town ("I don't care what's playing; I like 'em all"), slept for long hours, read the sports pages, stared blankly out of bus and train windows, slack-jawed in hotel lobbies.

Something Besides Baseball. By the time he got home that fall, Robin had begun to suspect that there might be something else besides playing ball. He asked his sister Nora if she knew any girls he might ask for a date. Nora fixed him up with a young grade-school teacher fresh from the University of Wisconsin, a pretty brunette named Mary Ann Kalnes. Mary had never seen a big-league game; Robin could talk only about baseball. So the happy couple went to the movies, where conversation is sometimes helpful but not compulsory. "We evidently got along," says Robin. Little more than a year later they were married.

Today the Robin Robertses live on Robin Hood Road in the Philadelphia suburb of Meadowbrook with their two children (Robin Jr., 5, and Danny, 2) and a 3½-year-old Welsh corgi presented to Robin by an upstate New York fan, Mary Ann, who dutifully goes to Connie Mack Stadium when Robin is pitching a home game and turns on radio or TV when he performs on the road, still makes no pretense of being a baseball buff. She admits to knowing precious little about how the other players are doing, is sure only that so far, this season has been all slump for the Phillies. "I don't even bother to check the standings," says Mary Roberts.

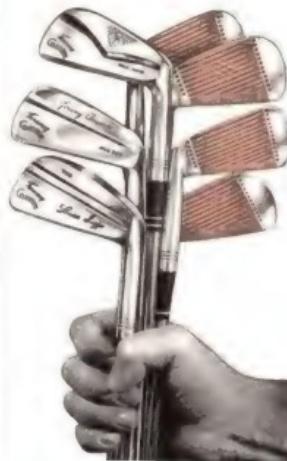
A Tremendous Difference. Roberts professes to be unconcerned with the fact that he is using up his career pitching for a losing club. "Getting traded or staying isn't a deep ingrained thing with me," he says. "This club always could potentially win the pennant. Especially when I pitch, it isn't a fourth-place club. Usually they get the runs for me."

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game to Labor Day, the Phillies were perhaps the best in the National League. Then Third Baseman Willie ("Puddin-head") Jones was hurt. First Baseman Stan Lopata was beaten, and the team faltered. "You look back on a season," says Roberts, "and you see two or three games, here and there, that if you'd won might have made the difference."

Mild-mannered Manager Mayo Smith agrees. "If we had another like Roberts," says Smith, "it would make a tremendous difference. I agree with Connie Mack that pitching is 70% of the game. If you have it, you're always in the game. Even if you haven't the power hitting, as we haven't, you can work things like the sacrifice, the stolen base and the hit-and-run."

Below the Belt. Smith and the Phillips' management are sure that in Roberts they own baseball's biggest bargain. Even in front of a losing team he wins so often



Frederick A. Meyer

THE ROBERTSES AT HOME
Keep it simple and you'll get along,

that he more than earns his salary (about \$60,000, including income from endorsements)—and incidentally disproves Indiana Humorist Kin Hubbard's smile crack: "Knowin' all about baseball is just about as profitable as bein' a good whittler."

To Roberts' slowly growing collection of hot fans, his own success seems adequate denial of his own most cherished belief: that pitching is essentially a simple art. "Anything is simple to an artist," snorts Umpire Larry Goetz. "For the rest of us, echoed Outfielder Ashburn, "there must be more, or everybody would bat .400 and win 20 games a year." But Robin Roberts insists that it is all much simpler than that. "I've been given credit for stuff I don't do. I don't even divide people into the tough and easy. It's never

With wife Mary Ann and sons Danny (2) and Robin Jr. (1).



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the same. With Willie Mays, for example. I don't put on anything special. I just try to mix up the pitches on him. I can't pinpoint what I pitch. I pitch the same to everybody—low and away, or high and tight.

"You don't have to make a fantastic proposition out of anybody. I live and pitch by a few basic rules. You don't have to make a big study of batters beforehand. When I have good stuff I throw four fast balls out of five pitches. You can basically confuse yourself by typing each hitter or worrying too much about righthanders and lefthanders. I don't have any special trouble with lefthanders."

If he has any trouble at all, says Roberts, it is his shallow curve. "I'm always hoping I can improve that curve. I must have changed that curve nine or ten times. I'll see Maglie throw and say, 'Gee, it'd be nice to have that curve.' But if I try to throw it that way, it hurts my arm. Mainly I try to count on a good fast ball that moves."

"Anyway, when you take up a hitter in a clubhouse meeting, no matter what his weakness is, it's going to end up low and away or high and tight, and the curve ball must be thrown below the belt. That's the whole story of pitching."

"It don't do me a bit of good to tell people this. I try to tell people and they just won't believe me. They want to believe you have everyone taped and baseball is like mathematics or something. But I'm telling the truth. It's like I say, keep your life and your pitching real simple and you'll get along."

Scoreboard

¶ For most of four rounds in Los Angeles' Wrigley Field, Bobo Olson draped himself all over Middleweight Champion Sugar Ray Robinson, but eventually he made the big mistake: for a split second he uncovered his teacup jaw. One lethal left hook and Bobo was a has-been. Sugar Ray, 36, still champ.

¶ Kentucky Derby Winner Needles was closing fast down the short stretch of Maryland's Pimlico race track, but Calumet Farm's Fabius had enough left to hold off the favorite. When the furlongs faded out, Fabius was winner of the \$132,800 Preakness by a length and three-quarters.

¶ Charging into a mild (3 m.p.h.) head wind, Duke's fleet-footed, redheaded Blue Devil, David Sime (TIME, May 21), ran the 100-yd. dash in a world-record-tying 9.093 at the Carolina A.A.U. meet in Raleigh, N.C.

¶ Paced smartly by veteran Jockey Eddie Arcaro, Leslie Combs' Nashua romped to an easy two-length victory in the Camden (N.J.) Handicap, won \$22,750 and boosted his earnings to a world's record \$1,100,365, just \$4,605 more than Citation put away before he retired in 1951.

¶ In an exhibition of the muscular art of hammer throwing, Boston University Senior Cliff Blair practically guaranteed himself a trip to the Olympics by flinging the 16-lb. ball 211 ft. 3 in. to break the world's record.



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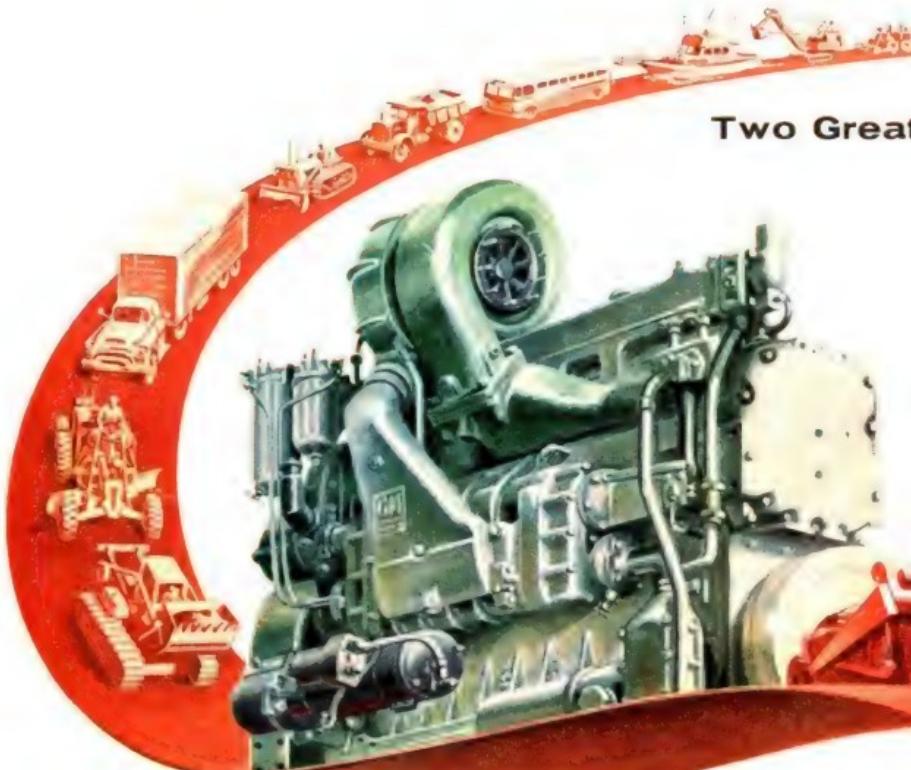
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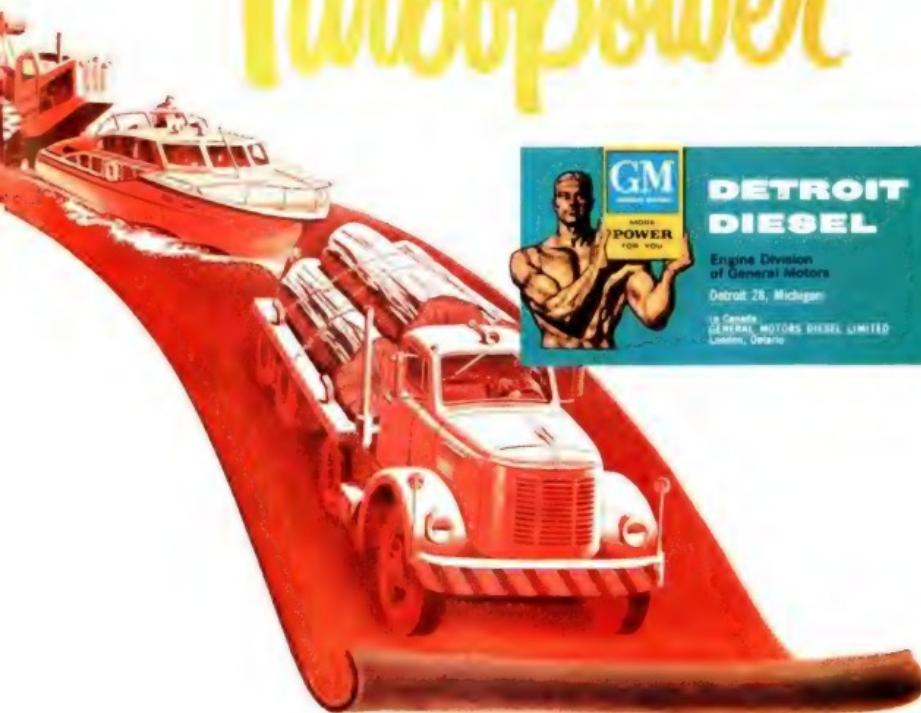
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THE PRESS

Renewed Crusade

The roomful of reporters and photographers burst into applause at a Manhattan hospital last week as syndicated Labor Columnist Victor Riesel entered. It was 41-year-old Riesel's first press conference since he was blinded six weeks earlier by an unknown acid thrower (TIME, April 16 et seq.). The little (5 ft. 4 in.) New York *Daily Mirror* columnist had lost 30 lbs. Two neat white surgical pads shielded his eyes. But Riesel was cheerfully game and bristling with determination to renew his long fight against labor racketeers, whom he charges with the acid attack.

He thanked his doctors for repairing his facial burns. "Take a look at my face," he said. "Nearly perfect, isn't it?" Except for the eye pads, a reddish patch on his right cheek was the only apparent trace of the attack. "And to think that acid bleached the sidewalk," he said. The familiar Riesel mustache was missing, he explained, only for surgical convenience. Actually, he added, "acid makes the hair grow. I think I'll patent it as a hair restorer and sell it to bald newspapermen."

Riesel's banter gave way to a fist-clenched plea for a congressional investigation of mobsters in organized labor, and he repledged himself to the crusade. "I have no sensitivity about being blind," he said. "They haven't scared me. I can't see, but that doesn't mean I can't write the same kind of copy." In writing it, he can already touch-type and, for note-taking, will learn Braille "or anything else that will help me." Riesel said that he would leave the hospital this week—still with a police bodyguard—and go back to "the typewriter and hang away. They knocked me out for six weeks—but that's all."



Ira Rosenberg—N.Y. Herald Tribune
COLUMNIST RIESEL
Back to the typewriter.

The Catholic Press

Newsmen who serve the biggest specialized press in the U.S. gathered in Dallas last week, and most of them turned out in an odd journalistic garb: black suits, black hats, clerical collars. Some 350 of them came from 48 states for the annual convention of the Catholic Press Association, a vast, closely knit (yet loosely governed) publishing empire with a total magazine and newspaper circulation of almost 24 million. Today, as Bishop Robert J. Dwyer of Reno told the delegates, the Catholic press is "reaching more people and exerting a greater influence over American thought than at any time in the past."

Once scorned among Catholics themselves as "dreary diocesan drivel," the U.S. Catholic press has grown in variety, liveliness and readability. Many Catholic papers draw enough advertising to turn a steady profit; where they do not, the church pays their deficits. The press still suffers widely from what Bishop Dwyer called "a good deal of pious incompetence." But the intellectual weeklies—the liberal lay *Commonweal* and the Jesuit-edited *America*, etc.—come up to any secular standard; the layman-edited monthly *Jubilee* is a tasteful slick picture magazine, and an infusion of trained lay journalists has given many of the diocesan papers both professional polish and a telling effect in their communities. Last week the association honored New Jersey's weekly *Advocate* (circ. 66,881) for a crusade against firms operating on Sunday that cost the paper \$45,000 in canceled ads, but succeeded in getting the legislature to ban Sunday used-car sales. Another prizewinner: Cleveland's *Catholic Universe Bulletin* (circ. 90,705), which campaigned successfully for the ouster of a Communist labor group from local industries.

What Is "Official"? As it moves ever higher by secular standards, the Catholic press faces much the same problems as the rest of the U.S. press. But one is unique: the widespread confusion over whether the Catholic press, on such problems as U.S. foreign policy, immigration or "right to work" legislation, speaks with the voice of the church and follows a "Catholic line." What confounds the confusion is the "official" label in the masthead of virtually all the 104 diocesan weeklies. Unlike secular editors who wistfully hope that readers may take their editorial views as gospel, many a thoughtful Catholic editor wishes that readers would not.

The "official" status of Catholic papers confuses not only non-Catholics but many of the faithful themselves. In the view of Catholic critics, some hotly partisan Catholic papers, e.g., Brooklyn's right-wing *Tablet* (circ. 119,893), seem content to let readers believe—as many do—that editorial tributes to Joe McCarthy and Senator Jenner of Indiana are church-inspired.

From the standpoint of the church, nothing in the Catholic press is official



Bob Towns

EDITOR BOSLER
Out of the shell.

except the quoted pronouncements of its hierarchy. "A Catholic paper," editorialized *America* recently, "is not a little *Pravda*." Many of the diocesan papers tend to reflect their bishops' views, but even that does not always give such views religious weight. Though editors are supposed to apply a spiritual yardstick in making their worldly judgments, the Catholic press proves in practice to be catholic—not only diverse in its views but sometimes so bitterly at odds in its own fold that Bishop Dwyer cautioned last week: "There is no point in carrying intramural controversy beyond the limits of fairness and courtesy."

The Farthest Poles. One experienced observer of the controversy is the Catholic Press Association's outgoing president, Charles McNeill of Dayton, Ohio, general manager of a firm publishing Catholic children's magazines. "Diocesan newspapers have called *Commonweal* Communist," says he, "and some of the Jesuits have claimed that *America* has sold out to the Commies. I have been called brutal, blasphemous, unscrupulous and monstrous, for publicly defending the right of laymen to run magazines like *Commonweal*. Because of my job, they have even called me a pervert of the minds of Catholic children." At the farthest poles are Brooklyn's *Tablet* and Manhattan's radical-pacifist *Catholic Worker*. When she was asked where the two papers might come together, the *Worker's* Publisher Dorothy Day replied: "Only at the Lord's table." Items:

¶ When *Osservatore della Domenica*,⁸ a Catholic weekly published in Vatican City, ran an article attacking U.S. Protestants, sloppy reporting made it appear in many

⁸ Not to be confused with the Vatican's daily *Osservatore Romano* (circ. 40,000), which contains both official and unofficial views. The official Vatican organ, which runs only official texts, is the *Acta Apostolicae Sedis*.

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U.S. papers as a Vatican-inspired view. But Milwaukee's *Catholic Herald Citizen* (circ. 126,097)—which is just as official as the unofficial *Osservatore*—rapped the Italian article as "stupid, untruthful, uncharitable."

¶ Father Raymond T. Bosler, editor of the *Indiana Catholic and Record* (circ. 35,122), has backed the American Civil Liberties Union in a local fight against the American Legion, once attacked Spain's hard-bitten Cardinal Segura for his crackdown on Protestants. The paper's editorial was headed: THE CARDINAL CALLED THE COPS 400 YEARS TOO LATE. The only comment Editor Bosler got from Archbishop Paul C. Schulte: "I thought your headline was a little dippant."

¶ On the issue of desegregation, Catholic newspapers in Louisiana, Texas, North Carolina and Virginia have come out strongly in favor of the Supreme Court decision opening white schools to Negroes. But though papal teachings clearly point to this anti-discrimination position, the Catholic press in most of the deeper South has kept mum.

¶ An editorial in the right-wing *Our Sunday Visitor*, published in Huntington, Indiana (national circ. 749,995), attacked world federalism. The liberal Davenport, Iowa *Catholic Messenger*, whose relatively small circulation (10,800) reaches 43 states, reprinted the editorial, and alongside, almost paragraph for paragraph, it ran excerpts from Pope Pius XII's statements in direct rebuttal.

Increasingly, Catholic papers try to keep their readers straight on what is official and what is not. The *Boston Pilot*, founded in 1829, the country's oldest Catholic paper, carries an official slug over such material as pastoral letters and directives from the archbishop. At the head of its editorial page, the *Indiana Catholic and Record* runs a line frequently heard in Catholic journalism: "The opinions expressed [here] represent a Catholic point of view—not necessarily THE Catholic point of view."

Within such limits, church leaders, e.g., Cardinals Stritch of Chicago and McIntyre of Los Angeles, have called for more controversy in the Catholic press on public issues of the day. Said Editor Bosler to his colleagues last week: "Even the most timid of Catholic editors these days is emboldened to poke his head out of his shell and to take a look around. And high time it is, too." Added the Rev. Thurston Davis, Editor of *America*: "Catholics, of course, think and judge alike on matters of faith and morality. But on all other matters, usually of a social, economic or cultural nature, in which the church has taken no authoritative position, she can be said not only to tolerate debate, but actually to encourage and urge it. The fact that we see eye to eye on the mysteries of the incarnation, the redemption and the divine trinity does not make it any easier—or, for that matter, even necessary—that we all nod our heads together when someone mentions the Bricker amendment, fluoridation of water, or the merger of the C.I.O. and A.F.L."



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TIME, MAY 28, 1956

RELIGION

God & One

A Negro couple and their two children sat proudly among their white neighbors at regular Sunday services in Houston's Augustana Evangelical Lutheran Church last week. The family of Laundryman Carl Williams were the first Negroes accepted as members of the congregation, and the pioneers in a revolution under way at Augustana Church.

The revolution began so quietly that the church's 400 members were hardly aware of it. "It is quite conceivable," said the Rev. Paul T. Sestrand in a report to the congregation two years ago, "that some of our Negro friends may

Christian view of equality. "It is not my purpose to force on you my own convictions," he said, "but to endeavor to lead you into the word of God." Then he passed the word to a parish worker to invite two Negro women to Sunday services.

Pastor Sestrand was bitterly criticized for his attitude, and some angry talk broke out at church meetings. There were dark rumors—half the congregation would leave; the church would not get financial support. To every protest, Pastor Sestrand gave a gentle but firm rejoinder. When his congregation talked of moving the church, he warned: "We can't move ourselves away from moral and spiritual responsibilities." Meanwhile, more Negroes



Charles Adams

HOUSTON'S PASTOR SESTRAND & NEGRO CHURCHGOERS
Faith makes the barriers disappear.

politely ask if they may come into our church on Sunday morning to worship. Certainly Christian love has no answer but to kindly grant the request." There were a few frowns and compressed lips, but the congregation showed no rancor. In Houston, no Negro had ever asked to join Augustana Church, even though it is perched on the edge of an expanding Negro district. Few parishioners seemed to feel that the pastor's words boded any real change.

Though he had been their pastor for six years, the congregation had a lot to learn about Massachusetts-born Pastor Sestrand, 40. Many a Southern pastor who thinks church segregation un-Christian is afraid to buck his all-white flock to abolish it. Not so Paul Sestrand. "God and one," he said, "is always a majority." Amid some ominous grumblings, he began a persistent campaign to persuade his congregation to "meet the challenge of integration." He preached the

came to church each Sunday, and several Negro children enrolled in the Sunday school. By last summer half of the 70 children in the church's vacation Bible school were Negroes.

Eighteen members left the church in protest against Pastor Sestrand's stand, but his methods have won over many of the congregation, and 26 additional whites have joined the church since the interracial policy became known. Said a Texas-born deacon at a church meeting: "No one has had a more difficult job battling this problem than I. But I thank God that I now not only recognize what is the right thing to do but am willing to accept it."

Invitations to membership have been out for several months to any Negroes who want to join, but Carl Williams and his wife are the only ones so far to overcome their hesitation. "It is the happiest day of my life," said Mrs. Williams. "When you sense that faith and feel that

Christian fellowship, all barriers disappear." Now Augustana Church hopes to draw many Negro neighbors. "Some members of the congregation are still wrestling with prejudice," says Pastor Sestrand, "but they are winning."

In New Orleans last week, another foe of segregation got a fiery reminder that not all Southerners are willing to wrestle with their prejudices. An eight-foot, gasoline-soaked wooden cross was ignited before the residence of Roman Catholic Archbishop Joseph F. Rummel, who has called segregation "morally wrong and sinful," allowed his diocesan newspaper to talk of excommunication for Catholics who block his policy of church and school integration. One organization of segregationist Catholic laymen is appealing to Rome after having been forced by the archbishop to disband.

Travelers at Home

The spiritual road to Canterbury is a meandering one, winding through far country to encompass a multitude of views. Those who travel it are widely diverse pilgrims who come to the Anglican Communion in search of widely diverse qualities. In *Modern Canterbury Pilgrims* (Morehouse-Gorham: \$3.85), published this week, 22 converts to Anglicanism—from former Roman Catholics to former Jews—tell why they became Anglicans, and describe what they discovered. Some of their views:

¶ The Very Rev. James A. Pike, dean of New York's Cathedral of St. John the Divine, onetime Roman Catholic (and editor of *Modern Canterbury Pilgrims*): "We are Catholic in that we hold entire 'the Faith once for all delivered to the Saints' in unbroken continuity, in faith and in order, with the early Church . . . In the case of almost every significant difference between us [and Roman Catholics], in faith or in practice, we are teaching it or doing it the earlier way . . . We are 'old-fashioned' Catholics."

¶ John H. Hallowell of Duke University, political scientist, onetime agnostic: "Based upon the Bible, reason and tradition, the doctrinal position of the Anglican Church avoids both the intellectual obscurantism of 'fundamentalism' and the doctrinal laxity of 'liberalism.' Although it insists upon no official doctrinal interpretation, it clearly affirms the Christian faith as expressed in the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds."

¶ William H. Baar of the University of Chicago, Episcopal priest-teacher, onetime Lutheran: "The fact that the Anglican Church is right in the middle of the whole Christian tradition is the key to the Anglican way of looking at things . . . With Protestant, Roman and Orthodox Churchmen alike, Anglicans share the full joy and the full sorrow at the picture of the Church as she has made her way through history. But we do not depend upon any age for our inspiration; we do not believe that at any time the essential message of the Church was ever totally obscured, and we look to the future with



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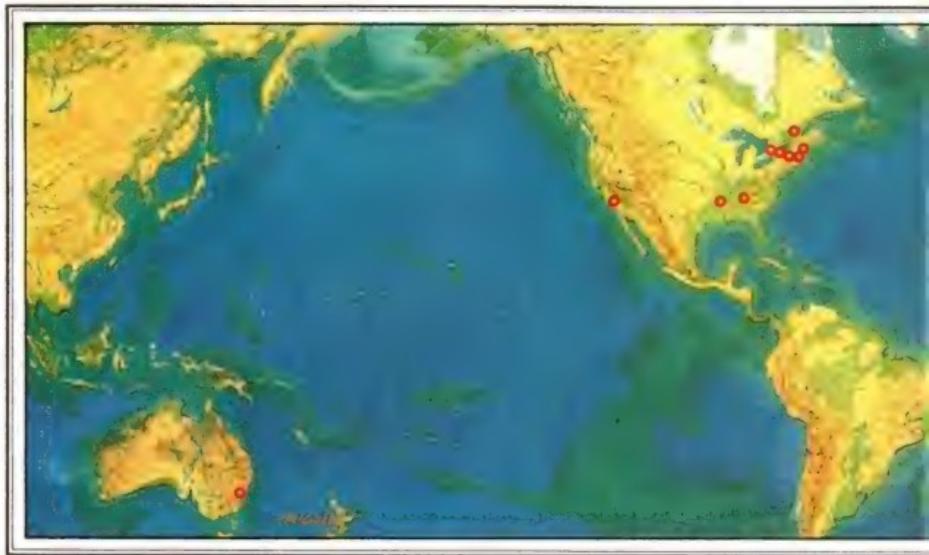
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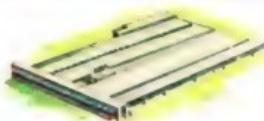


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as much veneration as others look to the past."

¶ Eduard Heimann of New York City, economist, of Jewish parentage: "The Episcopal Church and her mother Church have been uniquely blessed in not having at their origin an overpowering religious genius of the Aquinas or Luther or Calvin types. Without their creativity the Episcopal Church would certainly not be what she is, but under their absolute claims she could never have developed her own sense of humility, moderation, and balance . . . The reverse side of our blessing clearly is that eclecticism is not a constructive principle, much less a prophetic quality."

¶ Enrico C. S. Molnar of Compton, Calif., Episcopal priest, one-time Methodist: "To my mind our Communion most fully expresses the marks of being the extension of the Incarnation . . . None of [my books] need be relegated to a hidden shelf, just because I am an Episcopalian. There is no Index! For in the Anglican Communion there is most fully expressed the basic Christian belief that God reveals Himself, not in esoteric abstract speculation, but in history, 'in events through which we went,' in a St. Francis, in a St. John Hus, in the Celtic Saints."

Words & Works

¶ Some ministers' wives do not play their full part in parish life because they are prone to "creeping caution," wives of fledgling ministers were warned by the Rev. Theodore A. Gill, managing editor of the *Christian Century*. "You don't have to be ghostly to be godly . . . Beware lest your piety get too drab and narrow."

¶ Roman Catholics in the U.S. and its territories (Alaska and Hawaii) now number 33,574,017, an increase of nearly 1,000,000 over last year and a rise of 37.5% in the Catholic population in the last ten years, announced the Official Catholic Directory for 1956.

¶ The Egyptian Ministry of Education warned Protestant and Roman Catholic mission schools that beginning next year they will be obliged to provide instruction in the Koran to Moslems in their schools, courses in Egyptian history, geography and civics to all their students. Penalty for refusal: confiscation.

¶ Elderly people do not go to church as often as young people because they cannot afford the collection plate, reported Long Beach (Calif.) Sociologist George M. Logan after querying 30,000 elderly persons. "More than half reported attending church less frequently than they did ten years ago. Transportation difficulties and low income combined with social pressure for financial support of the churches have offset attendance."

¶ Roman Catholics "need not be afraid" of the Dead Sea Scrolls, said the Rev. Ernest Vogt, the Vatican's foremost expert on scripture studies. In *Osservatorio Romano* Jesuit Vogt said that the manuscripts discovered so far give proof of "the substantial faithfulness of the sacred texts transmitted to us."



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2. Ford Pickups give you rugged construction features found in no other line of trucks. For instance, biggest brakes on any half-tonner . . . Centrifugal design clutch for longer life . . . Rated capacity for front and rear axles combined is the highest in the half-ton field.

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COURTESY PRIVATE COLLECTION, DURAND RUEL

RENOIR'S VALADON

Honors List

Honors of the week

- ¶ To Yugoslav-born Ivan Mestrovic, 72, the Gold Medal for Sculpture, at the Joint Ceremonial of the National Institute and American Academy of Arts and Letters, as the leading U.S. sculptor of religious subjects.
- ¶ To Finnish-born Eero Saarinen, 45, the Grand Architectural Award, at the Boston Arts Festival, for his design of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology chapel (TIME, June 29, 1953, *et seq.*), as "the strongest statement in terms of structure and space enclosure for its purpose . . . sensitivity to the use of materials and detail follow-through."

ART

¶ To Italian-born Sculptor Harry Beretta, 41, the Craftsmanship Medal, and to Muralist Hildreth Meiere, 61, the Fine Arts Medal, by the American Institute of Architects, meeting in Los Angeles.

Maria of Montmartre

Simply as one of Montmartre's favorite models of the 1880s and 1890s, the petite ex-trapeze artist named Marie-Clementine Valadon would have remained a fascinating creature. Her striking features, intense blue eyes and mocking impudence attracted most of the painters of her youth, from Puvis de Chavannes to Renoir, Degas, Van Gogh and Toulouse-Lautrec. But because Marie-Clementine gave birth to Maurice Utrillo, one of the century's most successful, eccentric and curiously talented painters, her fame as model and mother has largely obscured another passion she fiercely nourished: to be an artist in her own right.

Last week Suzanne Valadon (as she signed her work) was gaining posthumous recognition with her first solo show in the U.S. A collection of 60 prints and drawings at Manhattan's Peter H. Deitsch Gallery left little doubt that, within the narrow limits she set herself, she had succeeded brilliantly in creating what she wished, not "beautiful drawings designed to be framed, but good drawings, which capture a moment of life in movement—all intensity."

Model's Secret. Born the illegitimate daughter of a hard-working peasant woman, Suzanne Valadon was raised in the Paris streets like countless gamins, working as a seamstress, waitress, vegetable seller, and drawing for pleasure on the sidewalks with pieces of coal. Tradition has it that she first caught the eye of Painter Puvis de Chavannes when she delivered his laundry. Struck by her slim figure and natural grace, he made her the model for all the figures (both male and female) in his most celebrated painting, *The Sacred Wood*. Other assignments soon followed. Auguste Renoir used her as the



VALADON'S NUDE

model for his contrasting pictures, *Country Dance* and *City Dance*. Toulouse-Lautrec's drawing of her, *Guilde de Bois* (The Hangover), so attracted Van Gogh that he wrote his brother, eagerly inquiring: "Has De Launay finished his picture of the woman leaning on her elbows on a little table in a café?"

Renoir was the first to discover his model's secret. When Suzanne failed to show up for a sitting one day, Renoir went to her room. Finding her drawing a self-portrait in pastels, Renoir exclaimed in astonishment: "You, too?" Lautrec also praised her work, saw to it that she met the great, testy French master, Edgar Degas, who had seen her as an acrobat at Place Pigalle's Molier Circus before a bad fall finished her brief career. Degas in turn was delighted, Said he: "You are one of us." Recalled Suzanne, years later: "That day I had wings."

"**That She-Devil.**" Neither the birth of an illegitimate son, Maurice,[¶] nor Suzanne was 18, nor her subsequent tur-

[¶] Whose probable father was an insurance clerk and alcoholic Montmartre habitué named Boisy. Maurice did not acquire his surname Utrillo, given him by a friendly Spanish journalist, Miguel Utrillo, until he was eight.

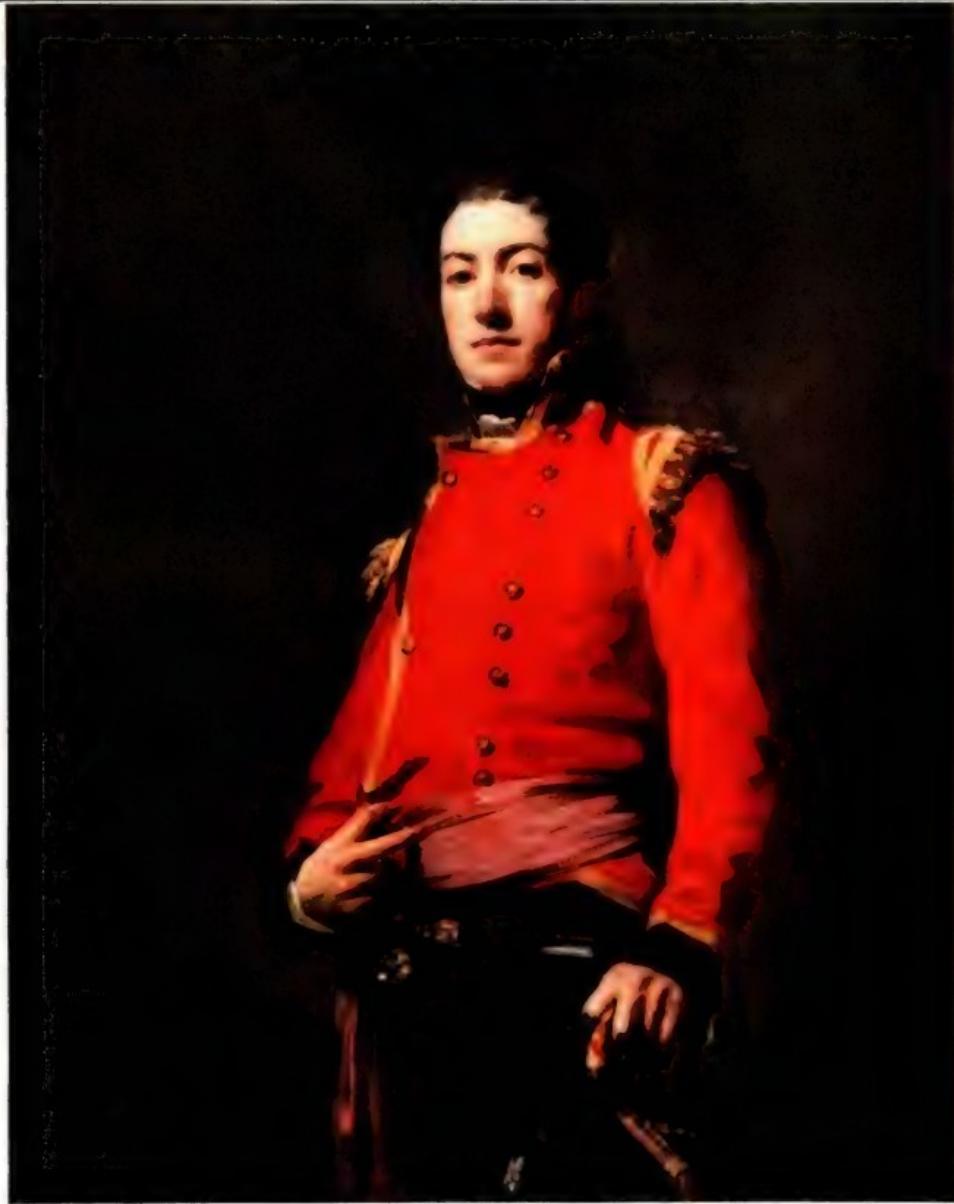
SCOTLAND'S GREATEST

ONE day in the early 1800s, Sir Duncan Campbell, captain in H.M. Third Scots Fusilier Guards, donned his scarlet coat, carefully adjusted his black-and-white stock, tied on his red sash, buckled on his sword, and presented himself at Henry Raeburn's Edinburgh studio on York Place. As was his custom, Painter Raeburn squinted at his subject from under his heavy eyebrows, then boldly painted in Campbell's forehead, chin, nose and mouth directly on the canvas. Four or five visits later, the portrait (*opposite*) was done.

Young Campbell's portrait made him one of a distinguished company. Raeburn, an orphaned son of a Scottish millowner and largely self-taught in art, had developed his own technique of painting to the point where, in the eyes of the local aristocracy, he was Scotland's greatest artist and the equal of London's Romney, Lawrence and Gainsborough. A Highland chief, when entertaining him, gave the command: "Bonnets off to Sir Henry Raeburn." In his studio in a steady procession came such famed countrymen as Diarist James Boswell, Economist Adam

Smith, Philosopher David Hume and Novelist Sir Walter Scott. With complete self-assurance Raeburn painted them all. In nearly 1,000 portraits he set down, with strong brush strokes and delicate modeling, the gallant, romantic air of the handsome, purposeful Scots of his day.

Best of all, Raeburn knew how to capture the air of robust hauteur then considered the proper mark for men of distinction. This is particularly true of his portrait of Sir Duncan Campbell, a dashing figure who, as a general's aide-de-camp, had three horses shot out from under him at the Peninsular battle of Talavera. In later years the young officer became a magistrate and deputy lieutenant for the county of Argyll, in 1831 was created first baronet of Barcalvane and Glenure. There is little doubt that he liked his early portrait. It remained in the family for more than 100 years, was bought early this year by San Francisco Art Patrons Roscoe and Margaret Oakes and included in their most recent gift—eight oils now hanging in a new, oak-paneled room in San Francisco's De Young Museum.



RAEBURN'S "SIR DUNCAN CAMPBELL, BART." (CIRCA 1815)



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bulent love affairs checked her career. Under Degas' tutelage, Suzanne improved her drawing and learned the technique of dry-point etching. She did most of her drawing at home, finding her ideal subjects in the figures of maids, charwomen and women friends whom she sketched, usually bathing. Degas, astonished at her natural talent, hung her work in his din-



A detail from Georges Valadon's painting "Family Portrait" (1900).
VALADON'S "FAMILY PORTRAIT"

Three were damned.

ing room, once chided her: "That she-devil of a Maria, what talent she has . . . Why do you show me nothing more?"

Marriage to a well-to-do lawyer gave Suzanne her first taste of luxury. When the marriage broke up, she took as her lover (and later husband) the painter André Utter, 21 years her junior and the drinking companion of her tosspot son, and moved in with her aging mother. In her *Family Portrait* (see cut), painted in a flat style she learned from Gauguin's oils, she left a record of one of the most scandalizing and yet financially successful households in French art history.

Mad Decade. Utter turned business manager and made Utrillo's work, done between drinking bouts and trips to the sanitarium, what Utter rightly called "The greatest commercial operation of the century." With the francs rolling in, in the "*Trinité Mandite*" (Damned Trinity) set off on a decade's mad spending spree. Suzanne fed *slet mignon* to her dogs, canned sardines to her cats, hired a taxi to wait outside the house by the day, finally bought her own limousine and hired a white-uniformed chauffeur. When her new astrakhan coat seemed too heavy, she threw it on the floor for the dogs.

Such wild extravagance came to an end with the Depression '30s. By the time Utrillo married in 1935, Suzanne had become a hunched figure of an old woman. But on her 50th birthday, three years before she died in 1938, Suzanne still had her old spirit. Her toast at her own party was a rousing "vive l'amour!"

• Utter, Valadon, Utrillo and grandmother.

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-5 minutes with this check list can be the soundest business move you've made this year

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Administration — File debulking, Purchase schedule, Office layout, Interior decoration, Form printing

Public Relations — News releases, Institutional, Community relations, Public service

Personnel — Identification photos, Job description, Orientation, Payroll records, Employee personnel records, House organs, Health records, Bulletins

Training and Safety — Safety campaigns, Training, Reports, Fire prevention

Engineering — Drawings, Specification sheets, Drawing protection, Pilot radiography

Production — Time study, Work methods, Legible drawings, Schedules, Process records

Product Design & Development — Styling, Consumer testing, Motion studies, Stress analysis, Performance studies

Advertising — Advertisements, Booklets, Displays, Dealer promotion, Television

Service — Manuals, Parts lists, Installation photos, Training helps, Records

Research — Reports, Flow studies, Process charts, Library, Photomicrography, electron-micrography, x-ray diffraction, high-speed motion pictures, etc.

Testing & Quality Control — Test set-ups, Reports, Standards library, Radiography, Instrument recording

Warehousing & Distribution — Inventory control, Damage records, Waybill duplicates, Flow layouts, Packing & loading records

Purchasing — Schedules, Duplicate engineering prints, Specifications, Component selection, Source information

Sales — Portfolios, Dealer helps, Sales talks, Price & delivery information

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Arithmetic

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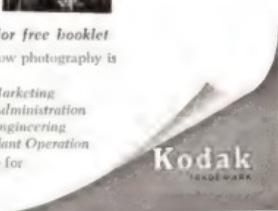
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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

The Watchword: Caution

"The present mood of business is caution. There's been a slow climb to a very comfortable plateau on which businessmen make money and wage-earners have plenty to spend. The climb is over. The national economy could take plenty of lumps and remain where it is." Thus Harry Stoll, president of Chicago's Mandel Brothers department store, last week summed up the mood of many businessmen. Despite the slump in auto sales, tight money and sagging farm income, the nation's economy was actually holding up fine. Industrial production steadied at 142, only two points off December's peak. But caution was the watchword.

The need for it was underlined by the soft spots in the nation's business, and the blame for them fell on the Federal Reserve Board's tight-money policy. In Washington, Joseph B. Haverstick, president of the National Association of Home Builders, noted that the mortgage squeeze had caused a 20% drop in April housing starts. "The trend is still sharply downward," he said. "Unless there is some immediate improvement in the financing picture, the outlook for the remainder of the year is not hopeful."

General Motors President Harlow Curtice demanded that the FRB ease credit. Curtice cut his 6,500,000 forecast of auto production to 5,800,000, blamed the drop on tight money. Said he: "I still believe the Federal Reserve Board's policy is not warranted and should be reversed. It is not even everybody was crying.

Treasury Secretary George Humphrey, who had privately opposed the hoist in discount rates, now publicly said that it was unnecessary and that "natural conditions" would have checked any trend toward inflation.

No Time for Margin. At the semiannual meeting of the Commerce Department's Business Advisory Council, the nation's top industrialists worried that tight money might force cutbacks in industry's expansion plans. Said Scripto's President James V. Carmichael: ("There's no question the tightening of credit has put a slight damper on our long-range planning." Department Store (Daniels & Fisher) President Joe Ross worried that the money shortage might cut back on Denver's "tremendous growth." Complained Ross: "The cost of expansion is prohibitive because of the money rates." But few businessmen had been forced to alter building and modernization plans. Actually, the elimination of marginal industrial expansion had been one of FRB's chief aims. With 1956 capital expenditure running 30% ahead of last year's rate, much expansion could be postponed without damage to the economy.

No Cause for Tears. Despite Harlow Curtice's complaints, most auto dealers were not adversely affected by the tight



HOME BUILDER HAVERSTICK
For credit.

money. One of Michigan's biggest dealers estimated that three out of every five loan applications were being turned down, but good credit risks had little trouble. Most dealers blamed last year's mammoth production and this year's poor weather for the sales slump. Said San Francisco's Ellis Brooks, a big Chevrolet dealer: "Everybody cries a little bit, even with a loaf of bread under his arm."

And not even everybody was crying. Predicted Sears, Roebuck & Co.'s Board Chairman T. V. House: "There is a likelihood of some drop in the third quarter.



STEELWORKERS' MCDONALD
For cash.

due to a slower rate of inventory buying, but the expectation is that the fourth quarter will regain today's level in volume. If there is an increase in price, the value of total production will be above the current high level."

Guaranteed Annual Argument

The United Steelworkers of America last week opened what U.S. Steel Corp. Chairman Roger M. Blough called "our guaranteed annual argument." The 1,250,000-member union, whose two-year contracts with the industry start expiring June 30, will submit a list of 22 demands when new contract negotiations start next week in Pittsburgh's William Penn Hotel. Among the proposals:

- ¶ Premium pay for Saturday and Sunday by some 30% of the industry's work force (average wage: \$2.45 an hour).
- ¶ Supplementary unemployment benefits, similar to the United Auto Workers' Guaranteed Annual Wage, to compensate laid-off workers for as long as 52 weeks.
- ¶ A "substantial" wage increase based on the industry's "profitability."
- ¶ Employer-paid insurance and pension plans, improved vacation and holiday benefits, a union shop and 13 lesser demands covering additional benefits.

Altogether, the industry estimated, the package that Steelworkers' President David J. McDonald will present could cost as much as 60¢ an hour for every worker, increase the average cost of \$120-a-ton finished steel upwards of \$12 a ton. But steelmen guessed that McDonald would settle for considerably less. At the top of the package is the demand for increased weekend pay, which alone could boost labor costs by 30¢ per man-hour. The Steelworkers' main objective is to put workers on a Monday-Friday week, though this would demand widespread reorganization of the industry. Jones & Laughlin Chairman Ben Morell was hopeful last week that if "the union lets the industry work it out over a period of years, maybe it wouldn't be too bad."

Since both sides seemed to be anxious for a peaceful settlement, few industry leaders expect a strike. Auto cutbacks have eased demand in the past month, taking some of the steam out of union claims that the industry will be operating at capacity for the foreseeable future. Said a union official last week: "This one should be real good and real quick."

ATOMIC ENERGY Coming of the Giants

Stomping into the office of Four Corners Uranium Co. in Grand Junction, Colo., last week, a dog-tired amateur prospector from Missouri tossed a bundle of papers to a vice president. "I've had it," he said. "Here are my location certificates. They're all yours." As late as last winter, uranium claims sold for as much as \$1,500. But last week small operators were glad to

TIME CLOCK

get a few hundred dollars, and some were even turning their claims over to bigger companies for nothing but an agreement to do the assessment work (\$100 a year) needed to keep them.

Everywhere, small uranium outfits, even those with producing mines, were going out of business or struggling to stay alive. The troubles were symptomatic of the change coming over the U.S. uranium industry. Instead of a headlong scramble for a quick million, uranium has grown into a tough, mature business where the survivors are those big enough to find and mine enough high-cost ore to come out ahead.

Last week, for the first time, the Atomic Energy Commission's Director of Raw Materials Jesse Johnson revealed exactly how big a business uranium has become. In testimony before a congressional subcommittee, Johnson reported that ore shipments from the four-state Colorado Plateau area (90% of U.S. total output) will hit 1.5 million tons worth \$46.5 million in fiscal 1956. He predicted that within two years Plateau production will increase to 2,500,000 tons annually. Said Johnson: "During the past two months, the AEC has received and is actively considering more proposals for processing mills than it did in any two-year period before." In 1955, the U.S. had only nine mills operating, with contracts for five new ones. As of last week, there were ten formal mill proposals before AEC, eight for new mills and two to expand existing plants.

The Awakening. But few marginal operators will share in the business. Of 3,000 uranium mines in the U.S., say Colorado uranium men, only a handful like Charles Steen's rich Mi Vida Mine are making money, have sewed up 90% of all production. Says Millionaire Steen himself: "The public has found out what we've known for a long time—that it's a damn hard job to find a good uranium mine. It isn't the bonanza that a lot of promoters led the public to believe. The crooked promoters and brokers killed their own market."

Mining and exploration costs have gone up 51.6% between 1951 and 1955. At current prices, even big outfits run into serious cost problems. Estimates are that a 2,000-ton ore deposit becomes unprofitable at depths of 90 ft., that even a 10,000-ton deposit cannot be mined successfully below 240 ft. By 1960, say miners, costs will have climbed until exploration alone will cost \$13.92 per ton. The Four Corners Uranium Co., which grossed \$1,160,000 in 1955, spent \$716,000 to mine \$653,000 worth of ore, would have been deep in the red had it not made a big profit selling some of its leases and securities.

Capital from Oils. Despite the outlook, more and more big companies are going into uranium, either buying up the marginal operators or providing them enough

PENNY STOCK ISSUES would be more tightly controlled by SEC under new rules proposed to Congress. Instead of merely making sellers of small (under \$300,000) stock issues liable to civil suit by investors, SEC would make everyone (including company officers and technical experts) connected with such an issue liable to suit "in cases approaching fraud," thus force full disclosures about real prospects of company being formed.

CRUDE-OIL IMPORTS must be cut, warns ODM. With industry planning imports of 352,000 bbls. daily v. 287,000 maximum advised by Government, ODM has notified industry of its "real concern" about effects on domestic production, hints it may seek import curbs if industry persists.

INDIAN MINERAL LEASE, biggest ever signed in the U.S., is set between Navajo Indians and Del Norte Co. For a 50-50 split on profits, Del Norte gets all oil, gas and helium rights to 5,000,000 acres of Navajo land in the uranium-rich "Four Corners" area where Arizona, Utah, Colorado and New Mexico meet. Tribe retains all other mineral rights, including uranium, is also dickered with other companies to lease additional land.

20TH CENTURY-FOX movies will appear on TV. For \$2,000,000 plus a percentage of all income over \$75,000 per picture, Fox will lease 52 films, mainly first-rank (*Les Miserables*, *Ox-Bow Incident*, *How Green Was My Valley*), to National Telefilm Associates for showing in U.S. and Canada.

INSTALLMENT EDUCATION will be offered by C.I.T. Financial Corp., second biggest in the auto finance field. C.I.T.'s "Tuition Plan" operates much like auto finance

capital to keep going. Two small companies, New Mexico's Pinon Uranium and Sabre Uranium, with big ore reserves but no money for production, are planning to merge, get \$4,500,000 in new capital by selling a 25% interest to American Metals Corp., Texas Zinc Minerals Co. (Texas Co.) and New Jersey Zinc Co.) is working out a \$15 million deal to acquire Southern Utah's promising Happy Jack Uranium Mine, also hopes to put up a processing mill. Phillips Petroleum, Cities Service, Ohio Oil, Humble Oil are all moving into uranium.

One of the main worries of uranium producers is the price AEC has set on their ore. With spiraling costs, says Millionaire Steen, the current average price of \$31.00 per ton is "too low for all but the bonanza mine. The industry needs a price increase from AEC to get prospectors interested in a renewed search for ore." If more prospecting is not done, says Steen, the U.S. is likely to run out of known deposits in a few years.

deal, only cheaper (4% to 6% interest on amount borrowed), will allow parents to finance up to four years of school or college for children by monthly payments.

TRAVELER'S CHECK will cost more this summer. After 34 years of charging 75¢ per \$100, American Express Co. has boosted fee to \$1 per \$100. First National City Bank and Bank of America have both followed suit, but British-owned Thos. Cook & Son is sticking to old rate.

TEXTILE MERGER will make Dan River Mills one of industry's biggest firms. Dan River plans to acquire, probably by exchange of stock, Iselin-Jefferson Co., majority stockholder in South Carolina's Woodside Mills (1955 sales: \$42 million), is also dickered to acquire big Alabama Mills. Deal will double Dan River annual sales to \$200 million, put company solidly in synthetic fabrics for first time.

HUGE POWER PLANT will be built on Alabama's Coosa River by Georgia Power Co. and Alabama Power Co., both subsidiaries of South's sprawling Southern Co. To cost \$150 million, coal-fueled plant will produce 1,000,000 kw. of power, enough to serve 2,000,000 people in fast-growing area. Two 250,000-kw. units will be completed by 1961, remaining two by 1963.

TEXTRON DIVERSIFICATION is going so well company will get out of textiles altogether. After spreading out to a dozen different divisions (electronics to auto parts), Textron is making so much money in other businesses (\$2,300,000 in 1956's first quarter) and losing so much in textiles (\$404,000 in first quarter) that it will spin off Amerotron textile division into separate company, keep no interest except a few bonds.

AVIATION

To Europe for Less

New cut-rate transatlantic fares—some 35% below present tourist rates and about half the price of a first-class ticket—were approved last week by the Civil Aeronautics Board. In a letter to U.S. members of the International Air Transport Association, which has final authority over international airline fares, CAB pointed out that the new rates are "technically and economically feasible." The proposed new round-trip New York-London fare: \$391.50.

First proposed by Pan American World Airways (TIME, May 14), cut-rate flights would be based on a new class of service. Passengers would sit five across and be allowed 44 lbs. of baggage, as on present tourist flights, but would have four inches less leg room between seats. The airlines would sell sandwiches, serve no hot meals or liquor. They would thus be able to cut down the galley, make do with two stew-

TRADE WITH RUSSIA

Is It Time to Re-Examine U.S. Curbs?

ON one big commercial question—trade with Russia and her satellites—the U.S. and her allies are sharply split. Last week the split widened. Commerce Secretary Sinclair Weeks, with the backing of the Pentagon, refused to okay a deal between Texas' Dresser Industries, Inc., and the Soviet Ministry of Trade. Dresser wanted to import what it called a revolutionary turbine oil-well drill developed by Russian engineers. In return it would agree to ship the Russians some of its own rotary rock drill bits, instruct them in their use. But Commerce, State and Defense Department experts decided that Dresser would get nothing but an unproved tool while giving away the U.S. oil industry's latest technical know-how.

While the U.S. was barring one of its own businessmen from trading with the Reds, British businessmen persuaded their government to open up trade with the Iron Curtain countries. The British eased a 1951 embargo on shipping the Chinese Reds rubber, tractors and electronic equipment, and approved a shipment of 150 tractors, though such exports are still banned for U.S. businessmen. Businessmen in Japan, France, Belgium and other allied nations were also pressing their governments to get U.S. approval of their big plans to sell to the Soviet and her satellites. Riled by this eagerness to trade with Communist nations, the House Foreign Affairs Committee last week voted to block foreign aid to any nation that ships strategic goods behind the Iron Curtain, later reversed itself.

But Capitol Hill's battle over export controls was not over; it is just beginning. After three months of investigations, much of it in secret session, Arkansas' Democrat John L. McClellan and his Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations are readying a detailed report on the whole program of trade in strategic goods. Key finding of the McClellan committee: after 1954, when the Eisenhower Administration decontrolled some 200 items on the strategic list under heavy pressure from Britain and other allies, the Russians got strategic products and processes that saved them both research, manpower and years of development time. No longer is the U.S. strategic list to be taken seriously, says McClellan. The Battle Act, designed to halt U.S. aid to countries selling to the Soviet bloc, "has become an empty shell."

The biggest prize the Russians got, said McClellan, was machine tools, a

basic requirement for war as well as peacetime production. Ralph Baldenhofer, who was the Business and Defense Services Administration's machine-tool expert in 1955 and is now executive vice president of the Thompson Grinder Co., of Springfield, Ohio, testified that he protested "strongly" against letting the Russians buy such machines, but was repeatedly overruled. Said Toolman Baldenhofer, "It would be much better to give them the planes even the guided missiles. These things will come back to us once. But the Soviet bloc will be making war materials on these machines from here on."

On the other hand, some machine-tool makers argue that the change in the list helped Russia and her satellites little, since the tools released were those in common use. Moreover, manufacturers publish such detailed description and specifications of their products, plus displays at tool shows, that it is difficult to keep the tools from being copied.

Where they have had no Western model to copy, the Russians—with the help of the German and Czech engineers they captured—have boldly struck out on their own. In a few ways they have not only matched the Free World's technological progress but moved ahead of it, e.g., Russia was well ahead of the U.S. in developing a ceramic cutting tool that eliminates expensive grinding. In a private conversation with President Eisenhower not long ago, Ambassador to Russia Charles Bohlen reported that the Soviet Union had actually moved ahead of the U.S. in total tonnage of machine tools produced.

How much Russia was helped by the relaxing of the embargo on machine tools two years ago has become largely an academic question, since the increase in Russian machine-tool production has enabled her to put many more tools up for sale in world markets, often at below current U.S. prices. This has increased the pressure on the U.S. to further relax its embargo. With Russians coming into Western markets, many European businessmen want to get into Russian markets, even though the Reds in the past have concentrated on purchases of strategic items, despite their loud talk of big orders for consumer goods. Thus, it looked as if the U.S., while banning its own businessmen from trade deals, would be faced with the prospect of seeing the embargo constantly weakened by European businessmen in search of bigger markets.

addresses, and carry as many as 104 passengers, v. 71 on present tourist flights. On a DC-7B, the flight would take 13 hours, including stopovers at Gander and Shannon, take two hours more than present nonstop tourist schedules.

BUSINESS ABROAD

Prince of the Pennies

When the business editor of the old Toronto *World* was fired for turning up tipsy one evening in 1910, the managing editor drafted his new secretary to put out the financial page. For the 22-year-old secretary, Arthur J. Trebilcock, the business editor's last lapse marked the first lap in a long financial career that reached its climax last week. After 20 years of running the Toronto Stock Exchange as executive manager, onetime Newsman Trebilcock, 67, became its first full-time paid president.

As boss of Bay Street, the Wall Street of Canada, Trebilcock runs the world's fastest-growing stock exchange. Since 1951, a succession of booms in industrial stocks, base metals, oil and uranium has turned Toronto into a speculator's mecca—and a broker's madhouse. Though the Toronto Exchange has less than half as much floor space (9,000 sq. ft.) and fewer than one-tenth as many members (109) as the giant New York Stock Exchange, 67% more shares were traded there in 1955 than on New York's Big Board. Many days the ticker trailed the trading by as much as ten minutes (record: 45 minutes); many nights brokers' staffs worked around the clock to clear the decks for the next day's avalanche of orders from investors in Canadian and U.S. cities to which the Toronto Exchange is linked by more than 310 tickers. The upsurge in business has sent the price of exchange seats soaring to \$125,000, well above the \$113,000 paid for a seat last week on the New York Stock Exchange.

Second Place. Last month, with an average daily volume of more than 10 million shares, the Toronto Stock Exchange repeatedly set new peaks: 208,086,000 shares changed hands in the 20-day trading period. v. New York's alltime record of 141,068,410 shares in the black days of October 1929 that ushered in the Depression. While Toronto's dollar volume in 1955 (\$2,609,008,866) lagged far behind New York's \$32,830,837,681, it pushed slightly ahead of Manhattan's American Stock Exchange (\$2,657,015,518) for the first time.

The bustle on Bay Street is the result of Canada's long-lived boom in speculative oil and mining issues that sell for a few cents to a quarter a share. Of the 1.5 billion shares traded in Toronto last year (more than double the 1954 record), all but 30 million were in stocks that sold for less than \$25. Average price per listed share on the Toronto Exchange: \$2.26 v. New York's average \$5.04.

This year speculators who gambled on rising copper prices made even fatter killings than they had in the uranium boom a year ago. New Jacquet, one copper pros-

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Publick notice

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pect that sold for as little as 13¢ last year, soared to \$2.15 in April. In twelve months Opemiska went from \$3.75 to \$19.50; Consolidated Halliwell shot from 44¢ to \$3.75 this year. Brokers, also, have made record profits this year—and, like all Canadians, pay no capital-gains taxes on their market profits.

On to Toronto Street. While Canada's ore-rich economy has surged irrepressibly ahead since World War II, the boom might have bypassed Bay Street if President Trebilcock had never ventured, via the *World*, into a financial career. After working up to business editor, he quit to study mining law, later hung his shingle over a tent at Red Lake camp in Ontario's 1935 gold rush. On his return to Toronto, Trebilcock was appointed counsel to the old Standard Stock and Mining Exchange. Canada's key mining market: in 1934 he worked out a merger with its



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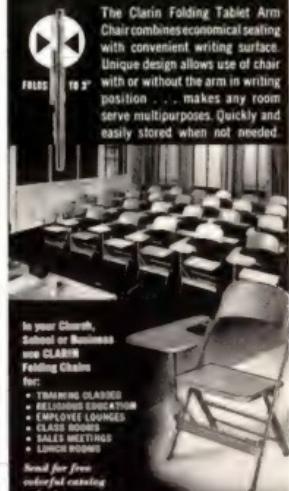
rival, the 104-year-old Toronto Stock Exchange. The concentration of trading power soon pushed Toronto ahead of Montreal, which had traditionally been Canada's financial capital. By 1937, trading volume was so heavy (451 million shares) that the cramped Toronto Exchange had to move to new quarters on Bay Street. Planned by Trebilcock, the new exchange was Canada's first completely air-conditioned building, later boasted the first electronic brain (to speed market quotations to brokers) ever used by a stock exchange.

Fortnight ago, Trebilcock persuaded the board of governors to buy a site (price: \$1,750,000) on which to build a new exchange, with half again as much trading space as the New York Exchange. Though brokers grumbled at the prospect of shifting from Bay Street to Toronto Street three blocks away, they were already boasting that the new building would be the world's most efficient stock exchange.

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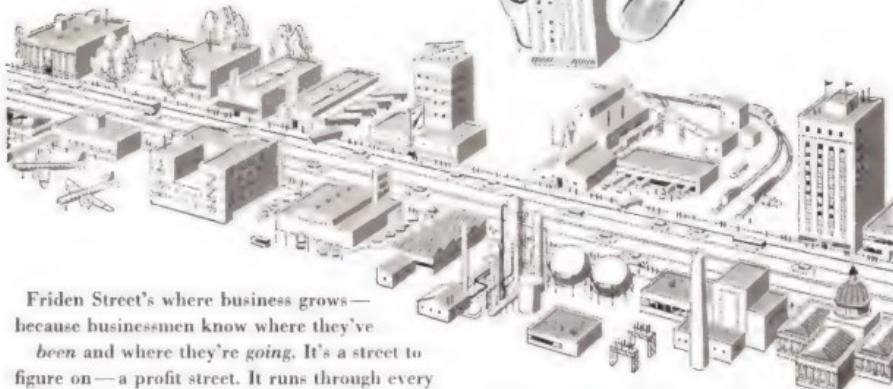
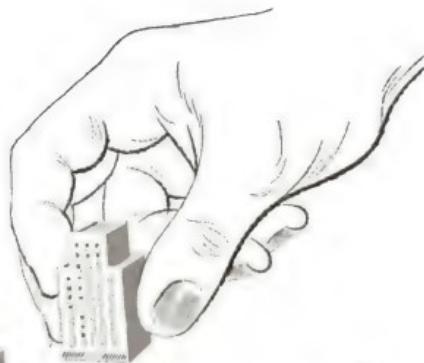
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TRAINER BEATTY
TV gets the suckers.

SHOW BUSINESS

End of the Trail

Under the big tent in Burbank, Calif., an audience of 1,200 waited impatiently for the circus to start. Finally the ringmaster made an announcement. Clyde Beatty's Circus, the No. 2 big topper in the U.S. (after Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey), had come to the end of the barnyard trail. It was closing. As the audience filed out, roustabouts dismantled the show for the last time.

Bad luck had dogged Beatty's blue-and-orange, 15-car show train from the time it rolled out of winter quarters at Deming, N. Mex., in March. Fighting bad weather and meager crowds, the once-prosperous circus had topped its \$5,000 daily break-even point on only six of 43 days it had been on the road. The showdown came when the American Guild of Variety Artists pulled 55 members off the job until Beatty came through with \$15,000 in back pay. Instead, black-haired, claw-scared Beatty, 52, most famed of U.S. animal trainers, filed a bankruptcy petition. Against \$281,758 in debts, his National Circus Corp. listed assets of \$260—enough to feed Beatty's menagerie for 2½ days.

TV Tinsel. Beatty's collapse left only one railroad circus—Ringling—in business, v. 26 in 1940. Through most of the U.S., circus day, with its "glittering galaxies of prancing pachyderms and death-defying daredevils," has vanished like the throngs through Barnum's Egress. Of less than a dozen truckborne, one-ring shows that remain, only a handful still play outdoors; all but a few are leaving trails of red ink.

What killed the Big Show? Circusmen blame skyrocketing costs. Ringling last year paid a \$500,000 railroad bill v. \$150,000 in 1940. Downtown circus lots big enough for the 20,000-yard oval of the Big Top are either unavailable or exorbitantly expensive in most U.S. cities. For a business whose methods have changed little since its cheap-labor heyday, the cost of moving from town to town has become prohibitive. On top of that, today's children, suffused with TV tinsel, no longer quicken to the real-life roar of lions, the aerialist's heart-stopping plunge. "Suckers may still be born every minute," epitaphed a circusman in Manhattan last week, "but TV gets 'em first."

Elephant Problems. The lone big-time survivor, Ringling Bros., last week said that business in Manhattan and Boston so far this year is down only 7% to 11% from record 1955, predicted that 1956 would be the fourth best year in its history. Ringling has valiantly tried to slash costs in recent years, e.g., by installing a centralized purchasing system, designing a new nylon Big Top which is hauled up and down by hydraulic jacks and should last three years.

But Ringling faces elephant-size problems. In the past year close to 100 top staffers have been fired or quit in protest against John Ringling North's management shakeup and attempts to "Hollywoodize" the show. Recently union contract negotiations broke down before the Madison Square Garden opening; Ringling has since been picketed by the American Guild of Variety Artists. Last week in Boston many of Ringling's top artists worked in a cut-rate, "kiddies free" A.G.V.A. circus aimed at luring business away from Ringling, threatened to carry the competition to every town played by the "Greatest Show on Earth." Few circus veterans expected Ringling to stay in the black after moving from big-town Eastern audiences into smaller communities in the northeast and Midwest next month. But even if the circus ends up in the red, oil- and land-rich John North can probably afford to continue to run it—as he has in the past—as a family tradition.

CORPORATIONS

Wheels for the World

As he started on a tour of his empire last week, Board Chairman Harvey S. Firestone Jr. of Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. took a long look ahead at the industry's future. "In ten years," he said, "world rubber consumption will climb 52% to 4,400,000 long tons annually. If demand is to be met, plans to expand must be put into effect now." Firestone did more than talk; he backed it with cash. His company announced plans for a \$5,300,000 tire factory and a plantation in the Philippines which, starting in 1957, will roll out 100,000 tires a year at capacity and go a long way toward making the bustling young republic self-sufficient in rubber.

Beyond the Philippines, Firestone was already deep in the biggest worldwide

expansion of its 56-year history. In the past year alone, Firestone has spent or earmarked:

¶ \$4,000,000 for a new tire plant at Havana, Cuba, to be ready by 1957; plus more millions to expand existing plants in eight nations (England, South Africa, New Zealand, Canada, Switzerland, Spain, Argentina, Brazil); a big share of the \$12 million cost of a new synthetic rubber plant which it will operate in Great Britain with other companies.

¶ \$50 million to buy two synthetic rubber plants, to expand production and make Firestone the first U.S. company to manufacture its own petro-chemical synthetic ingredients—styrene and butadiene—in two huge plants abuilding at Orange, Texas.

¶ \$2,500,000 to replant part of its vast, 90,000-acre rubber plantation in Liberia, West Africa with higher-yield (300% more rubber) trees in a program which will eventually boost the plantation's production some 25% to about 44,000 tons annually.

From Block to Chip. Although it is the youngest of rubber's Big Four (after Goodyear, U.S. Rubber, Goodrich), Firestone is the world's second biggest rubber company, just a shade behind Goodyear, with 1955 sales of \$1.1 billion and a peak profit of \$55.4 million. Firestone's start in 1900 was as hard as the jolting, solid-rubber tires of that day. It had to buck furious price competition and inflexible patent monopolies, waited three years before turning its first profit. Then it moved fast. Founder Harvey S. Firestone Sr. developed one of the first pneumatic tires, went on to pioneer the first practical non-skid tire by stamping "FIRESTONE NON-SKID" in raised letters on the smooth surfaces. Before he died in 1938, Firestone sales were well past the \$500 million mark.

A quiet, precise executive, Harvey Jr.,



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the eldest son, stepped into his father's shoes at the age of 39. As a toddler he had pulled the lever to start the first Firestone tire plant operating, and like his brothers, he went to work climbing through the ranks after graduating from Princeton. As president during World War II, he turned to synthetics, made Firestone the U.S. company to produce man-made GR-S rubber on a large scale.

Corporals & Snow Tires. Today Chairman Firestone is busy diversifying. Once tires were 65% of the business; now they are 60%. The world's biggest producer of natural and synthetic rubber (1,000,000 lbs. daily), Firestone makes several thou-

† Raymond C., 42, non-executive vice president Leonard K., 48, client of the California subsidiary Roger S., 44, head of the plastics subsidiary.

sands of other items.

Like his founder-father, who gave millions to bring culture and civic beauty to Akron, Harvey Jr. believes that U.S. business must spend abroad for civic improvements, in addition to the cost of doing business. Firestone has spent millions in Liberia for roads, schools, hospitals, medical-research centers and power plants, once even lent the country \$2,000,000 to help get its finances squared away. Says he: "It is only logical for a corporation to realize that the privilege of doing business carries with it an equal responsibility for the overall good of the community."

MILESTONES

Married. Peggy Ann Garner, 24, kit-tenish cineméne (*Black Widows*), one-time child star (*Junior Miss*); and Albert Salmi, 28, Broadway actor (*End As a Man, Bus Stop*); she for the second time; he for the first; in Manhattan.

Married. Jean Ann Kennedy, 28, youngest daughter of ex-Ambassador to the Court of St. James's (1937-40); Joseph P. Kennedy, sister of Massachusetts Democratic Senator John Kennedy; and Stephen Edward Smith, 28, Manhattan businessman; both for the first time; in Manhattan.

Divorced. By Glynis Johns, 32, slant-eyed, South African-born British cinematic actress (*Miranda, The Court Jester*); David Ramsey Foster, 34, Manhattan businessman; after four years of marriage, no children; in London.

Divorced. Sonja Henie, 43, Norwegian-born one-time (1927-36) world figure-skating champion and sometime cinematic actress (*Thin Ice*); by Winthrop Gardiner Jr., 43, socialite sportsman; after nearly seven years of marriage, no children; in West Palm Beach, Fla.

Died. Adrian Rollini st. xylophone player in the Adrian Rollini Trio, jazz-age member of the famed California Ramblers (other Ramblers: Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey; Ted Weems); of pneumonia and complications; in Homestead, Fla.

Died. Alexander A. Fadeyev, 55, top Soviet literary theorist of the late Stalin era (*The Rout, Young Guard*); reportedly by his own hand; in Moscow (see FOREIGN NEWS).

Died. Dr. Leo L. Spears, 62, high-flying quack, head (since 1943) of Denver's glassy Spears Chiropractic Sanitarium; of a heart attack; in Denver. A lifelong anomaly in the medical profession, Dr. Spears was charged with man-

slaughter after a young (31) patient died six weeks after he opened his clinic, was acquitted, sued state health officials for \$300,000, lost the case. He later sought damages for libel suits totaling some \$36 million, never collected a nickel.

Died. Sir Max Beerbohm, 83, dump-ling-shaped British wit, drama critic (*The Saturday Review*), caricaturist and satirist (*Zuleika Dobson*), last of the Victorian elegants; in Rapallo, Italy. One of literature's most modest, sparing and delicate talents—"the incomparable Max," as Shaw called him, belonged to an age of posturing geniuses and aesthetes (Burne-Jones, the Rossettis, Swinburne, Whistler, Oscar Wilde), was one of them but not one with them. With a few deft strokes of his caricaturist's drawing pen, he could put the luctuations of a giant into gnat's perspective and keep the world itself in polite proportion. Wilde once remarked that he possessed the rare "gift of eternal old age." Despite his renown Beerbohm remained a refugee not only from his talents ("My gifts are small, but I've used them discreetly and the result is a charming little reputation") and his time (he deplored the excesses of the 20th century), but from the world around him, retreated to Italy in 1910, where he lived ever after in isolated content. Polite to the end, he directed his last words to the housekeeper he married in secret last month as death approached: "Thank you for everything."

Died. Mary Herndon Ralston, 60, last survivor of nine children born to William Henry Herndon, Abraham Lincoln's long-time (21 years) law partner and biographer (*Life of Lincoln*); in Springfield, Ill. The Lincoln Herndon knew was an odd, thoughtful man ("the loveliest since Christ"), whose wife's temper was a town scandal and who brought his children to the law office where they "bent the points of all the pens, overturned inkstands, threw the pencils into the spittoon,



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"To make sure this kind of progress continues, we must guard industry's freedom of competitive action with the same zeal that we guard our freedom as individuals."

B. F. Fairless

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CINEMA

The New Pictures

Crime in the Streets [Lindbrook: Allied Artists] is a fairly serious little sociological thriller that is flawed by a streak of what might be called sentimentality: the idea that every garbage can has a silver lining. Adapted from Reginald Rose's television play, *Piso Doble*, it tells the story of a teen-aged rumblebum (John Cassavetes) named Frankie.

Frankie was a good boy to begin with, Playwright Rose explains, with the easy assurance of a man who has obviously read quite a few case histories of slum children. But when Frankie was good, nobody paid any attention to him; so he decided to be bad. That settled, he developed a morbid fear of being touched: he began to rough his mother up; he led his gang in brutal street fights; finally he decided "to bump a guy" who had offended him. "I feel loose," he tells his accomplice as they wait giggling in the shadows for their victim, like little boys fumbling in a dark closet for the cookie jar. "Like I was made for gettin' even."

The main parts are sharply routed out, particularly by Mark Rydell as the drooling little sadist who gets a perverted kick out of violence, and by Actor Cassavetes, who looks as if his name were Marlon Sinatra. The script, however, is stagy and sometimes dawdling, and when the picture is over, the customer will probably realize that he has not really experienced what life in the slums is like. He has merely gone slumming.

Gaby [M-G-M]. Hollywood casts Leslie Caron as if she were a broken leg. In *Lili*, in *The Glass Slipper*, and now in her latest picture, she has been rigidly restricted to the role of 1) a hot-eyed French girl who is also 2) a pathetic little orphan, 3) a highly trained ballet dancer, at least in her dreams, and 4) dreamily in love with an actor who looks as pretty as a cupcake (Mel Ferrer, Michael Wilding and now John Kerr).

In *Gaby* (which is distantly related to *Waterloo Bridge*, a 1940 melodrama by the late Robert Sherwood), Actress Caron has to do all these things and something even sillier. She plays a French ballet dancer who is too prim to succumb to the man she loves, though they are engaged to be married and he is about to go into battle. Later on, she refuses to marry him because, during a period when she thought him dead, she had not refused other men. After watching Actor Kerr (who played the schoolboy falsely accused of homosexuality in Broadway's *Tea and Sympathy*) go gollygoshing through the love scenes in his second screen role, the audience may reasonably suspect that the French girl has simply been trying, in a tactful way, to say no thanks, buster.

Not at all. Actress Caron, who is made up to look rather like one of those sentimentally pretty polywogs in a Disney cartoon, hastens to roll her eyes soul-



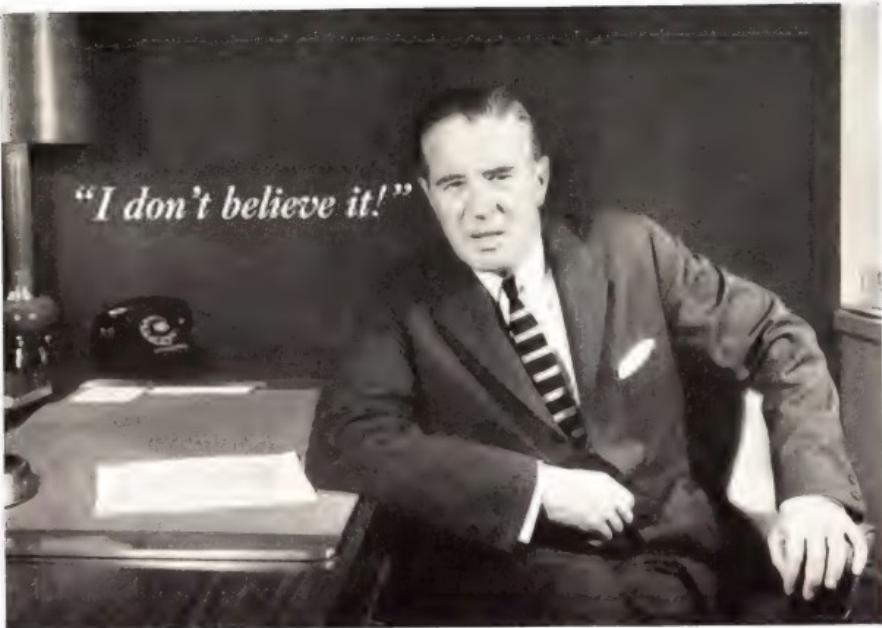
PETER VOTRIAN & JOHN CASSAVETES
Their garbage cans have silver linings.

fully and explain that she is just not good enough for the young man any more. "Ay ham deafawnt." Fortunately, all this takes place during World War II in London, and a buzz-bomb soon comes along to simplify the situation. It pounds some sense into the heroine's head, to judge from the script, but it only leaves the spectator in a daze.

The Revolt of Mamie Stover (20th Century-Fox), as William Bradford Huie described it in his bestselling novel, was the success story of "the Henry Ford of harlotry." Part fiction and part fact, the book recounted the life of a woman who invented a sort of assembly-line method of servicing the servicemen in Honolulu during World War II. After the Holly-



RICHARD EGAN & JANE RUSSELL
Her pinup is Andrew Jackson.



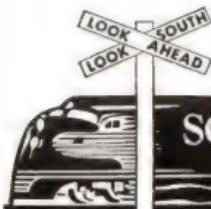
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**PREVENT
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wood censor has tidied up the basic story, the moviegoer is left to assume—since nobody at Mamie's place does anything worse than dance—that those thousands of soldiers and sailors who jam the joint every night must have been driven mad by the sound of the Hawaiian band—an explanation that is not so farfetched as it seems.

Mamie (Jane Russell) gets the bum's rush out of San Francisco as the story starts, and she soon ends up wearing a purple dress in a Honolulu dance hall, where in some mysterious way that seems to be connected with "sitting-out time," she begins to make \$40 a day. When war comes, Mamie makes much more. She buys real estate, rents it to the U.S. Government, begins to dream of the day when she can go back home and "look down on all those people who looked down on me."

Meanwhile, Mamie practices her social climbing on the hilltop where Hawaii's high society lives. She falls in love with a young writer (Richard Egan) who lives there, and when he goes away to war, he asks her to stop whatever it is that she does on behalf of the armed forces, and to become his wife. Mamie wants to, but she can't quite bring herself to settle for one man's love when she can have so many men's money. *The Revolt of Mamie Stover* is the tragedy of a girl whose pin-up boy is Andrew Jackson—the face on the \$20 bill.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Swan. A pretty, witty fairy tale, by Ferenc Molnar, in which Grace Kelly is won by Prince Charming Alec Guinness (TIME, April 23).

The Bold and the Brave. A parable of love and war, in which the spiritual battle is the payoff; with Wendell Corey, Don Taylor, Mickey Rooney (TIME, April 16).

Forbidden Planet. A spring cruise at speed of light to Altair-4—a small, out-of-the-way planet with two moons, green sky, pink sand, personal robot service. Caution: pack a rocket pistol. Occasional monsters (TIME, April 9).

Richard III. Shakespeare's sinister parable of power made into a darkly magnificent film by Sir Laurence Olivier, who plays the title role with satanic majesty. The supporting cast: Sir John Gielgud, Sir Ralph Richardson, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Claire Bloom (TIME, March 12).

The Ladykillers. Farcical larceny, with light-headed Alec Guinness lifting \$60,000 from an armored truck and then losing it—and the picture—to scene-stealing Katie Johnson (TIME, March 12).

Picnic. William Inge's play about a husky athlete (William Holden) who bounces around a small town like a loose ball while the ladies (Rosalind Russell, Kim Novak) fumble excitedly for position (TIME, Feb. 27).

The Rose Tattoo. Anna Magnani, in her first Hollywood film and Oscar-winning role, serves up Tennessee Williams' comedy as a wonderful pizza-pie farce—and the spectator gets it smack in the eye (TIME, Dec. 19).

TIME, MAY 28, 1956



Mallory at work
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Talker

After clinging for so long to the solitude of his work and his Mississippi home, Novelist William Faulkner of late has been tasting—and enjoying—the pleasures of loquacity. In what might be called his transformation from hermitage to Hermitage (of a good year, of course), Faulkner has been reluctant to talk about the one subject he is most qualified to discuss—the art of writing. But for the new issue of the English-language quarterly, the *Paris Review*, Novelist Faulkner relented sufficiently to deliver some explicit comments on his trade.

On responsibility: "The writer's only responsibility is to his art. He will be completely ruthless if he is good. Everything goes . . . to get the book written. If a writer has to rob his mother, he will not hesitate; the *Ode on a Greecian Urn* is worth any number of old ladies."

On environment: "Art is not concerned with environment; it doesn't care where it is. If you mean me, the best job that was ever offered to me was to become a landlord in a brothel." In my opinion it's the perfect milieu for an artist to work in. The place is quiet during the morning hours, which is the best time of day to work. My own experience has been that the tools I need for my trade are paper tobacco, food and a little whiskey."

On work: "One of the saddest things is that the only thing a man can do eight hours a day, day after day, is work. You can't eat for eight hours a day nor

said Faulkner last week when asked whether he meant this literally: "I am a fiction writer and I am not responsible for any construction books on any interview I have ever given."



Mario Zilli Photos

NOVELIST FAULKNER
A writer must be ruthless.

drink for eight hours a day nor make love for eight hours—all you can do for eight hours is work. Which is the reason why man makes himself and everybody else so miserable and unhappy."

Who Knows?

THE MANDARINS [610 pp.]—Simone de Beauvoir—World Publishing [\$6].

Like many of her sisters in what she bitterly refers to as the Second Sex France's Simone de Beauvoir would rather talk than eat. Since she is the grande dame of French existentialism and all-round good friend of Jean-Paul Sartre who founded it, it goes without saying that there is a minimum of natter in her chatter. She can be wrong-headed, she can make ridiculous statements (*America Day by Day*; TIME, Dec. 14, 1953), but even her nonsense is the product of one of the sharpest and best-stocked minds in letters.

When Simone de Beauvoir is not talking, she is writing. Her novels, like her talk, run the gamut from just silly (*All Men Are Mortal*; TIME, Feb. 7, 1955) to brilliant (*She Came to Stay*; TIME, March 15, 1954). Her latest novel, *The Mandarins* (roughly, *The Intellectuals*), is not her best, but it is her most successful. It brought her close to a seat in the Goncourt Academy, fetched her the Goncourt Prize instead, and brought her a sale in France of 250,000 copies. Now that it is published in the U.S., it is not too hard to see why the French crowded the bookshops. The book, which is dedicated to Chicago Novelist Nelson Algren (see below), is about Paris intellectuals immediately after the liberation. Most of them are famous writers who figured in the resistance and wrote some of France's best contemporary books. What is more to the point, they are barely disguised in *The Mandarins*. It also gives a detailed account of the French heroine's affair with a Chicago novelist, so candid and anguished as to read like a letter to a confessor.

Punch Out a Meaning. At 48, Simone de Beauvoir is a handsome woman. She has never married, and her years-long liaison with Jean-Paul Sartre has brought to birth only a bleak philosophy which says that it is up to each man or woman to punch out a meaning to life in a meaningless world that none ever sought. A not uncommon game among Paris intellectuals consists in trying to answer the question: How did Simone get that way? Her Parisian parents were Roman Catholics, her father a boorish lawyer, her mother a reserved middleclass lady. Simone and her younger sister Hélène went to a good Catholic school, *Cours Dézir*, where they studied hard and did well.

Simone went on to the Sorbonne, where she finished second-best, in competition for a top graduate degree (1929), to a student named Jean-Paul Sartre. From that time on, the two have seldom been long separated.



EXISTENTIALIST DE BEAUVIOR
Some day happiness may come.

When Sartre came back from a German prison camp in 1945, they settled down in an unheated Left Bank Paris hotel, made the heated Café de Flore and the Deux Magots their workrooms, talked and wrote and wrote and talked until French existentialism was born. With limited assists from Philosophers Kierkegaard and Heidegger, Sartre and de Beauvoir decided that life had no purpose, no meaning except what each man could find for himself in his own existence. To the young, hungry intellectuals of a shamed and broken country, existentialism seemed a revelation. Overnight Sartre became its high priest, Simone its No. 1 priestess.

Simone-Like Heroine. Readers of *The Mandarins* need not expect a good story or flashy writing. But anyone wanting to know what interesting people like Sartre, Novelist Albert Camus, Arthur Koestler and others were thinking at war's end about France, Russia, the U.S., Communism and life generally will find the answers here in abundance. Her setting is Paris just after the liberation, her characters writers and intellectuals who live to talk and make love as though they were being put through their paces by an observant Kinsey. They also say just what Author de Beauvoir wants them to say and so have no fictional life of their own. The heroine, Anne Dubreuil, is a Simone-like woman of 39, a psychiatrist married to a much older, Sartre-like writer. Their love life has long since ceased, but Anne tries a fling with an anti-Communist friend and finds it depressing. Robert, her hus-band, tells her not to worry about it. Their daughter hops in and out of bed with whomever strikes her fancy, and her mother feels she must not interfere.

Henri, hero of *The Mandarins*, is a writer and newspaper editor who is under Robert's intellectual thumb. His chief problem: how to keep his struggling paper out of the hands of both capitalists and

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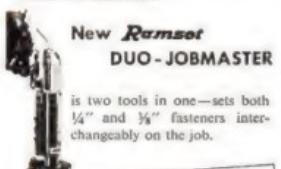
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Communists. Most of his crowd is bitterly anti-U.S., strongly pro-Russian. But Henri is also a man of conscience. When he learns about the Russian forced-labor camps, he becomes uneasy, and almost breaks with Robert. While all this ideological clutter goes on, archaically reminiscent of Manhattan's literary climate in the '30s, Anne goes off to the U.S. (Simone made a tour of the U.S. in 1947). In Chicago Anne meets a novelist whose special province is slum life ("Why are all your best friends pickpockets, or drug addicts, or pimps?" she asks him). In spite of his intellectual limitations, their affair takes on the temperature and pace of a prairie fire, and Anne comes back the following year for more of the same. But after two hot summers of this, the novelist cools and, chastened, Anne returns to her fellow mandarins.

Food & Drink. By this time Henri has married Anne's wayward daughter and has decided to publish an intellectual weekly with Husband Robert. For them writing and talking are food and drink. But Anne, not so easily nourished, comes close to suicide—not only because of her broken affair, but because she has that old existentialist idea that life is empty. It is just here, in the very last paragraph of *The Mandarins*, that Priestess de Beauvoir chooses to suggest that existentialism is not simply a philosophy of pessimism. Just because life is essentially meaningless, she seems to say, it does not follow that each man and woman must live without developing his or her own meaning. But that meaning must connect the individual to the events of his time and to other people. Man says, Simone is free, but his freedom to choose will surely lead him to destruction if he retreats before the come-and-go of his time. Heroine Anne sees all this just in time. She puts away her poison vial and determines to be useful to her family and friends. The last words of the book are hers, and they are about as optimistic as a careful existential novelist ever lets a heroine become: "Who knows? Perhaps one day I'll be happy again. Who knows?"

Rough Stuff

A Walk on the Wild Side [346 pp.] —Nelson Algren—Farrar, Straus & Cudahy (\$4.50).

One of the literary clichés that takes a long time dying is the notion that prostitutes have hearts of gold and that bums are somehow more steeped in humanity than people who work. No living U.S. writer has done more to keep the idea alive, and no one has done it with more literary authority than Chicago Novelist Nelson Algren. His *Man with the Golden Arm*, 1949's best U.S. novel, dealt with a sordid world of petty crime and drug addiction that shocked many a queasy reader, but it was so firmly rimmed by compassion and understanding that no one could doubt its literary worth. His new one, *A Walk on the Wild Side*, reinforces his right to the title of poet laureate of Skid Row, but just as Nov-



Arthur Sasse

NOVELIST ALGREN

Rich in shock, rinsed in squalor.

elist Algren had to find a new publisher to bring it out, so his old admirers have to reconsider their admiration. They may well wonder if his sympathy for the degraded and degraded has not carried him to the edge of nonsense.

A Walk on the Wild Side should carry a warning on the jacket: For Strong Stomachs Only. It is a picaresque story of the Depression, rich in shocking incident and rinsed in squalor that makes *The Man with the Golden Arm* seem like a novel of suburbia. Its hero is an illiterate, crafty boy of 16 whose talents are chiefly sexual whose amorality would excite the envy of an alley cat. Yet he vaguely wants to better himself, and knows he can never do it in his Texas home town, where his father cleans cesspools and spouts drunken fundamentalism from the courthouse steps. So Dove Linkhorn rides the rods, just as Algren himself did during the Depression, and before long he winds up in New Orleans. Almost immediately he is caught up in a surrealistic country of thieves, grifters, pimps and prostitutes. Here he thrives as naturally as a trout in clean running water. For a while he works in a contraceptive factory run by an ex-abortionist. And near the end he becomes the fancy boy of the prostitute with the biggest heart of all. Jailed, then brutally beaten into blindness by his woman's former lover, he goes back home to Texas and a Mexican woman who had once adored his sexual precocity.

Algren, an honest writer, has written scenes in *A Walk* whose brutality and sordidness can hardly be equaled in contemporary fiction. That he means the book to be a caress for the most degraded members of society and a protest against social injustice is obvious. But in supposing that human virtue flourishes best among degenerates, Novelist Algren has dressed his sense of compassion in the rags of vulgarity.



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Auntie Mame Rides Again

GUESTWARD HO! [270 pp.]—Barbara Hooton, as indiscreetly confided to Patrick Dennis—Vanguard (\$3.50).

"Once upon a time I was young, frivulous, carefree, and relatively slim. That was way back in 1953 A.D. I had the longest reddest nails of anyone who worked at Bergdorf Goodman and I used to stand elegantly in Bergdorf's marble rotunda . . . looking just as *soignée* as all get out . . . Every Friday they paid me fifty lovely dollars, less withholding, less social security, less retirement benefits, less hospitalization, and I could do just about anything I liked with the change. My husband, Bill . . . worked a little farther



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Who put the horse in the reservoir?

down Fifth [and] except for an occasional ink stain, his hands never got dirty . . .

"Then it happened."

"We got a ranch."

Far from Paradise Isle. The refreshing switch in this latest packet of nonfiction escape literature is that Barbara Hooton thought of Manhattan as paradise and regarded the wide-open spaces as a disease which Hubby Bill had somehow caught. Her account of the running of a New Mexico dude ranch, as breezily set down by her collaborator and longtime friend, Patrick (*Auntie Mame*) Dennis, might be subtitled "Auntie Mame Rides Again" or "The Comic Labors of Hercules."

Rancho del Monte ("sounded unpleasantly like a fruit cannery to me") was a 15-room house surrounded by 2,400 acres and supporting two guest cottages, a bunkhouse, a swimming pool, a tennis court and "a couple of smallish private mountains." At \$10 a day per paying guest, it was so far from supporting the Hootons that after four days they were \$160 in debt. To begin with, the help was a hindrance. For a wrangler, a dude ranch's

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jack-of-all-trades, they had Curly, "as stunning as a window dummy and every bit as bright." Curly managed to ride his horse into the reservoir, the draining of which cut off the water supply for hours. Barbara, who "didn't know a tsp. from a Tbsp.," was far from home on the kitchen range. The cook she hired was touted as "marvelous with chicken," which was the whole truth—that's all she could cook.

Gin & Cacti. As for the paying guests, most were game and a few were gamessome. There was the wealthy lush who catapulted his Jaguar into the swimming pool ("Every time I go swimming, I keep tasting gin and ethyl"). There was the child-hating old woman who, for the Easter egg hunt, hid the eggs deep in the local cacti. There was the would-be siren on a man spree whom Barbara dubbed "Miss Ladydog." And there were a few prize phonies whom Barbara learned to shun by the chromium on their cars and the fact that their "cheeks were least likely to succeed."

At year's end Barbara was stunned to learn that Rancho del Monte had turned a profit of \$4,98. "Do we take that four ninety-eight profit and plow it into a fund for our old age?" she asked. "We do not," Bill said stanchly. "We put every penny of it back into the ranch." After a hectic visit to New York which showed her just what she was not missing, Barbara agreed.

Since Rancho del Monte is still very much open for business, *Guestward Ho!* will probably net double royalties: 1) at the bookstalls, as a highly readable romp with two innocents in pueblo-land; 2) at Rancho del Monte and vicinity, where soon a big traffic jam may set in.

War Fiction

Of all the horrors Hitler made, it is possible that the war on the Eastern front was the worst. It is a proper paradox that the worst has inspired the best in postwar German fiction. Two recent samples:

THE TORTURED EARTH, by Gert Ledig (219 pp.; Henry Regnery: \$3.75), is a fearful book about men whose substance has become nothing but flesh and fear. A German battalion is before Leningrad, and this is its obituary. The major in command, learning that his wife and child have been killed back in Germany, orders a senseless attack. Revenge, he hopes, will help his private anguish. But in the end, most are beyond revenge or anguish. At first this seems just another war novel beginning with "knavery rubbing elbows with horror in this louse-ridden cesspool under the hill of death." Slowly, the reader comes to know through Ledig's prose, which shows its simple structure like a field-striped carbine, why this book has been bought in tens of thousands by Germans. There are few names, and even the scene is one of those anonymous "inhabited places" that appeared in Russian war communiques, as featureless as its invaders. Russians and Germans blur in this cartoon of death. The sense of death-in-life is all the stronger for the author's calculated casualty-report style; the loss



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of a barrel of a machine gun has the same weight as the death of a crazed corporal who tries to mine a flame-throwing tank, and whose head "burned like a match." In the book's most telling episode, a captain goes mad when he is compelled to execute as a deserter a stunned and muddled laggard sergeant major who is trying to get back to his unit. Author Ledig, a twice-wounded veteran of the Russian front, has given his royalties from this painful book to an orphanage for war victims. Readers can deduce this compassion from his apparently brutal narrative; what is at work here is not the notorious German talent for self-pity. Men—Russian and German—die in the same mechanical terms, and the Russians share and share alike. Finally, young (34) Narrator Ledig denies himself a soldier's permissible cynicism. His major is led at the end to a military funeral, where, after listening to the "unctuous" chaplain, he and his sergeant exchange an almost mute confidence. Everything but God has been destroyed, the sergeant seems to say. "It would be unthinkable," replies the major, "if that were a lie too."

THE TRAIN WAS ON TIME, by Heinrich Böll (142 pp.; *Criterion* \$3), carries its Eastern-front German soldier-hero to his death while he is still on furlough in the Ukraine, which is about as ironically far as the you-can't-win theme has ever been taken by a war novelist. The soldier, Andreas, is a kind of displaced poet in uniform. From the moment his leveetrain begins puffing towards Przemysl one autumn day in 1945, Andreas is haunted by the irrational idea that he is a bridegroom of death being rushed into one of destiny's shotgun weddings. As the car wheels click, he blows a mental farewell kiss to a field of flowers, a scrap of music, a patch of sky. In Author Böll's deftly understated handling, all that might be mawkishly sentimental in Andreas' goodbye to life develops instead the percussive pathos of Lear's grief-crazed cry over the body of his daughter, Cordelia. "Never, never, never, never, never!" Into this intense reverie of earthly leave-taking floats human driftwood from the general shipwreck of war. A cuckolded buddy runs his tongue over and over the story of his wife's infidelity with a Russian as if it were an empty tooth socket. A blond fellow soldier of eroded good looks reveals that a brutal sergeant seduced him into homosexuality. Finally, there is a Polish tart and spy so moved by the lines of suffering in Andreas' face that she forgets her trade and plays Bach to him on the brothal piano.

This is the third U.S.-published novel, touching, well-written and yet tenuous, in which 35-year-old Author Böll (*Acquainted with the Night; Adam, Where Art Thou?*) has feelingly symbolized a guilty Germany doing penance for its sins through suffering and death. But both author and characters seem to be locked in a permanent decontamination chamber of the soul, having still to learn that the ultimate bill of health is to be able to forgive one's self.

Bracket. In Newhall, Calif., practicing a fast draw with a holster strapped to each hip, Harold J. Erickson grabbed for his six-shooters, squeezed both triggers before unholstering, shot himself in both legs.

Jubilee. In Miami, arrested for drunkenness after his release from jail, where he had just served 30 days, Robert Perry Crawford explained: "A man's got a right to get drunk when he's celebrating one of the happiest days of his life."

Short Order. In Baltimore, accused of creating a disturbance outside the accident ward of Johns Hopkins Hospital, Adam Zamenki blurted to a cop, "You are nothing but a public servant and I want service," was served a \$25 fine for disorderly conduct.

The Young Lions. In Cavite, P.I., City Lawyers' League President Homero Alberto asked police to crack down on high-school students who carried guns to class, complained: "The students use the firearms either for threatening their teachers or unduly commanding the respect of their fellow students."

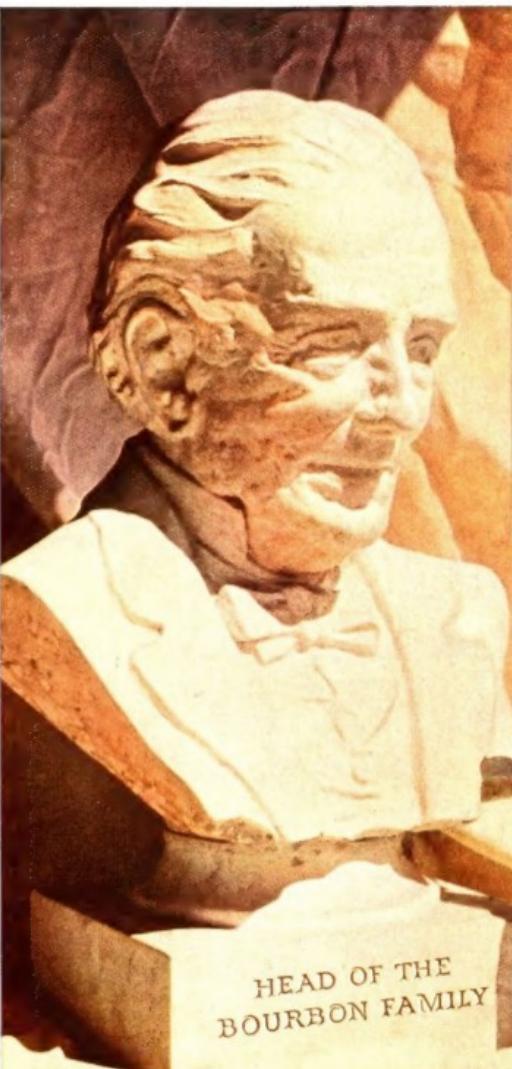
In the Rough. In Toronto, the *Telegram* carried a classified ad: "MUST SELL OR GET DIVORCE: six irons, putter, three woods, one bag, a pocket full of balls."

Dress Rehearsal. In Pasadena, a man turned in an emergency police call, breathlessly asked for directions to St. Luke's Hospital, explained: "My wife is expecting a baby next week and I want to make a dry run."

Bench & Bar. In Milan, Italy, disguised behind stolen sunglasses, a natty grey flannel suit and a boogey beard made from shaving-brush bristles, Convict Francesco Boschi joined a party of visiting attorneys, calmly walked past saluting guards in the first successful break from San Vittore Prison in eleven years.

To Each His Own. In Edinburgh, Scotland, the National Bible Society, citing an error in translation of the Lord's Prayer in the Negro republic of Liberia, said that the phrase, "Lead us not into temptation," was interpreted by Christians there as "Do not catch us when we sin."

The Lean Years. In Fort Worth, Café Worker H. A. Bristow, 72, got a divorce and a \$1,000 community-property settlement after he told the judge that his 79-year-old wife took his paycheck every week, gave him only \$1.50 for bus tokens, retrieved the tokens and doled them out to him two a day, forced him to buy coffee from coins he found while sweeping the café, whacked him on the shins with a broom when he tried to see his children by a previous marriage.



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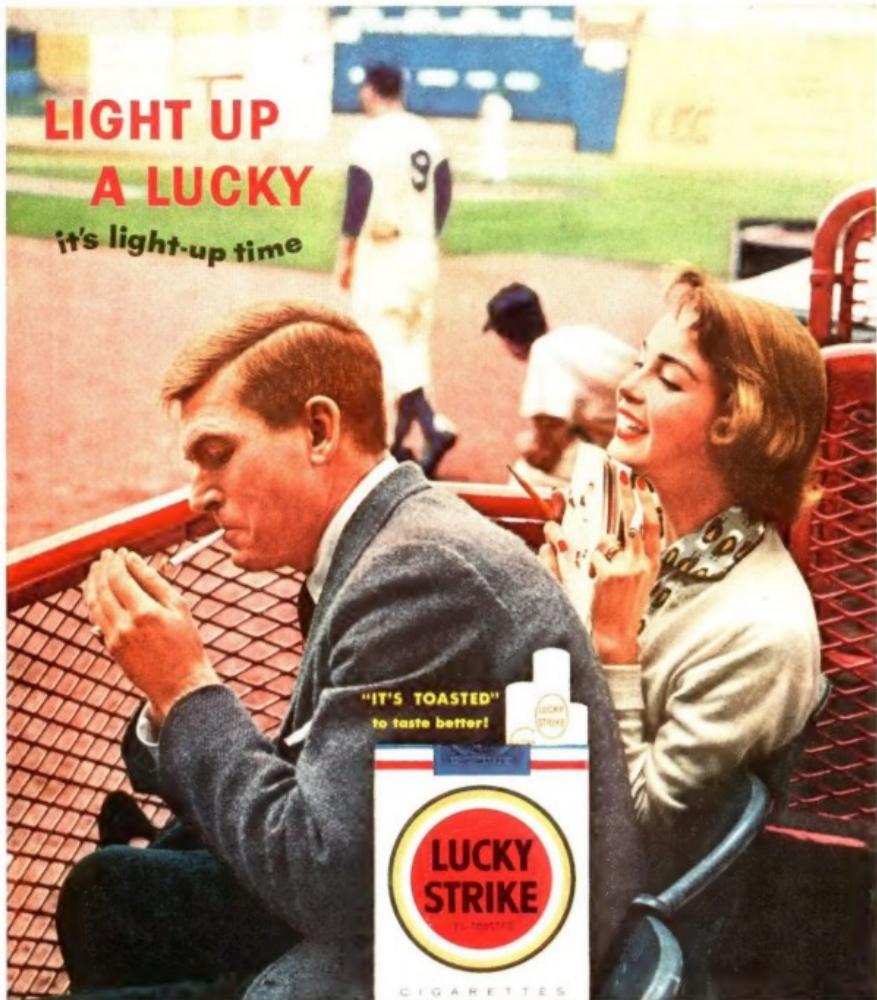


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